HUGHES OR WILSON

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

—

JULY

THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS
BY THE EDITOR

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1916

THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THE Republican Convention was impressive rather than interesting. There was no beating of tomtoms, no clanging of rattles, no toting of banners, no persistent stamping of feet and no "We want Jimmy" or "Billy" or "Sammy" or anybody. The inevitable and irrepressible foolish woman who shrieked herself into hysterics over nothing in particular evoked only yawns. Nobody even inquired who she was or whether she was married or single or where she got the flag for the envelopment of her rotundity. The only really notable gallery person was a dear little lad in white who solemnly dropped to his knees when Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler rose to speak and wondered why they did not pray over him as they had over Mr. Hilles and Senator Harding. His extreme youth and perfect innocence, of course, constituted his excuse; and yet those in the immediate vicinity could not but realize that, by his pretty error, he was typifying the spirit of the occasion. The brilliant descriptive writers of the daily Press, headed by that incomparable driveler, William Jennings Bryan, sadly remarked the lack of enthusiasm whose synonym is noise gradually subsiding and then at intervals determinedly rekindled for record-breaking purposes.

It was not that species of gathering. A single attentive glance sufficed to convince any observer of experience that

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there was a body of nearly two thousand resolute men, drawn from the greatest citizenry of the world, intent upon performance of what they should consider to be their duty and fully alive to their obligation. We have beheld many assemblages, in great National conventions,—many of the Democratic party dominated from the South more picturesque; many of the Republican party in corrals, vernacularly speaking, horse-high and hog-tight; but never one so obviously of the sober, independent, original stock of the Republic. One could but feel that there were sons worthy of sires who held their Freeman's Oath as no less sacred than their religious faith. In these troublous days, to a lover of his country who had begun to fear that the rock might be quivering under the Nation, it was a heartening spectacle.

And the event justified the hope. It was well enough for the Temporary Chairman, speaking as a partisan, to exult over what he was pleased to call the "reconsecration" of the Republican party; but, while wishing to avoid even the seeming of skepticism, we cannot escape the recollection of terms no less solemnly uttered upon like occasions quickly proving to have been the sheerest cant. The splendid organization which, after having played the chief part in saving the Union, became sordid and greedy and made prey of the people, may or may not now be able to rededicate itself to true public service; we do not know. What we do perceive clearly is that, reconsecrated or not, it is reconstituted. Of the 986 delegates to this convention only 175 were members of the convention of 1912. It was, therefore, in substance, an assemblage of fresh representatives of a resuscitated party. And that is why it would not be guided by bosses, would not be subject to dictation, would not abide either compromise or demagogy, would not accept as a candidate any man supposed to represent any one interest or any one class and did demand and obtain the one man who personified beyond all others the Will of the People. For that reason and for that alone, barring the universally conceded excellence of the choice, we rejoice in the nomination for President of Charles Evans Hughes.

We shall not bore our readers with a recital of the various episodes in Chicago which have been depicted in minute detail and with a fair degree of accuracy by the nimble penmen of the daily Press. There was not much fun. The Republicans, as we have noted, took life most seriously and

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the Progressives, as we anticipated, merely held a wake under the direction of Undertaker George W. Perkins. Senator Harding looked like McKinley and spoke blandly; Governor Whitman and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler presented the names of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Root respectively with admirable force and dignity and Senator Lodge broke all records for versatility by nominating Weeks, voting for Roosevelt, and offering the motion to make the nomination of Hughes unanimous. Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock stubbed his toe at the outset but regained his equilibrium with noteworthy alacrity and rendered no small service. Two others whose unobtrusive effectiveness should not pass unrecorded are Mr. Andrew B. Humphrey of New York and Governor R. Livingston Beekman of Rhode Island, whose entrance into the National field presages well for his political future.

But the king-pin of the whole affair was Winthrop Murray Crane. Many months ago we directed attention to the exceptional sagacity and wide vision of this extraordinary man. Of all the conspicuous members of the so-called Old Guard, now happily shorn of power, he alone read aright the signs of the times, shaped his course accordingly and emerged from a most difficult and delicate situation, mastered by himself with consummate skill, with immensely enhanced prestige and without the loss of a friend. Since William C. Whitney successfully withstood the desperate efforts of the Hill-Gorman alliance in 1892, there has been no such exhibition of courage, determination, and tact as that by Mr. Crane which in the early hours of the morning of Saturday, June 10th, made sure the calling of Mr. Hughes upon the next ballot.

That we did not misjudge Our Colonel when, last month, we pronounced as " the acme of absurdity " the fond anticipation of Administration leaders that he would strive for the perpetuation of a Government which he considered ignoble by conniving at the defeat of Mr. Hughes is evidenced by the event. His futile proposal of Senator Lodge we can only regard as a sincere, though pitiably ill-timed tribute to a lifelong friend and consequently as negligible in consideration. That he missed a rare opportunity to win public acclaim by declaring promptly for Mr. Hughes was, we have no doubt, as apparent to himself as to others, but it is only fair and reasonable to attribute his hesitancy—for that is all it was—to his sense of loyalty to those of his devoted

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adherents who were suffering pangs of grievous disappointment and required time to adjust their hopes to an unchangeable condition. It is with unalloyed satisfaction that we repeat that "Theodore Roosevelt as President never did and never could render so great a service to his country as he is now rendering as a patriot" and that, with earnest prayers for his well-being, we proclaim him the First Citizen of the Republic. May he long continue, in his own spirited phrase, "like Agag" to "arch my neck and walk lightly," and may he never meet the direful fate of that unhappy monarch!

We had to laugh at the amazement of those who had forgotten that long ago, while Governor of New York, Charles Evans Hughes proved himself a man of promptness and decision. Would he resign? Would he accept? These were the questions which trembled upon the lips of the disingenuous. Quickly came the answers:

To the President: I hereby resign the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I am, sir, respectfully yours,

Charles Evans Hughes.

And the President replied with equal alacrity:

Dear Mr. Justice Hughes: I am in receipt of your letter of resignation and feel constrained to yield to your desire. I therefore accept your resignation as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States to take effect at once.

Sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson.

Certain characteristics stand revealed by these interesting communications. Mr. Hughes did not "tender his resignation." He resigned. He invited no argument. He stated a fact. His words were not those prescribed by social usage. They were official and, being addressed to a competitor whose policies he was about to assail, they bore no palaver. The President, on the other hand, was, as ever, most polite. It was not "Mr. Justice Hughes, Sir"; it was "Dear Mr. Justice Hughes"—which we think was very nice—and it was neither "Respectfully yours" nor "Yours truly," as per John L. Sullivan, but "Sincerely yours," instead of the customary and nearly invariable "Cordially and sincerely yours"—to our mind, a very fine and most delicate distinction. A careless letter writer might have expressed regret, but clearly the President could not have done

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that without incurring danger of being misunderstood. The circumstance which impelled the resignation, moreover, according to the politicians of the Administration, really afforded their chief great pleasure and satisfaction,—and maybe it did; we do not know. That the President felt "constrained to yield" to Mr. Justice Hughes's "desire" does not mean to us any questioning of his right under the Constitution, but rather the unconscious effect of habit on the part of one accustomed to confer favors as from on high. They are excellent letters, well judged, admirably constructed and, as we remarked, illuminatingly characteristic.

Simultaneously with the answer to Question No. 1 was dispatched the response to No. 2, which we publish herewith for re-reading and future reference, as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND DELEGATES: I have not desired the nomination. I have wished to remain on the bench, but in this critical period of our national history I recognize that it is your right to summon and that it is my paramount duty to respond.

You speak at a time of national exigency transcending merely partisan consideration. You voice the demand for a dominant, thoroughgoing Americanism with firm protective upbuilding policies essential to your peace and security; and to that call in this crisis I cannot fail to answer with the pledge of all that is in me to the service of our country. Therefore I accept the nomination.

I stand for the firm and unflinching maintenance of all the rights of American citizens on land and sea. I neither impugn motives nor underestimate difficulties. But it is most regrettably true that in our foreign relations we have suffered incalculably from the weak and vacillating course which has been taken with regard to Mexico, a course lamentably wrong with regard to both our rights and our duties.

We interfered without consistency, and while seeking to dictate when we were not concerned we utterly failed to appreciate and discharge our plain duty to our own citizens. At the outset of the Administration the high responsibilities of our diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations were subordinated to a conception of partisan requirements and we presented to the world a humiliating spectacle of ineptitude. Belated efforts have not availed to recover the influence and prestige so unfortunately sacrificed, and brave words have been stripped of their force by indecision.

I desire to see our diplomacy restored to its best standards and to have these advanced; to have no sacrifices of national interests to partisan expediency; to have the first ability of the country always at its command, here and abroad, in diplomatic intercourse; to maintain firmly our rights under international law, insisting steadfastly

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upon all our rights as neutrals, and fully performing our international obligations; and by the clear correctness and justice of our position and our manifest ability and disposition to sustain them to dignify our place among the nations.

I stand for an Americanism which knows no ulterior purpose; for a patriotism which is single and complete. Whether native or naturalized, of whatever race or creed, we have but one country and we do not for an instant tolerate any division of allegiance.

I believe in making prompt provision to assure absolutely our national security. I believe in preparedness, not only entirely adequate for our defence with respect to numbers and equipment, in both army and navy, but with all thoroughness to the end that in each branch of the service there may be the utmost efficiency under the most competent administrative heads. We are devoted to the ideals of honorable peace. We wish to promote all wise and practical measures for the just settlement of international peace. In view of our abiding ideals, there is no danger of militarism in this country. We have no policies of aggression; no lust for territory; no zeal for strife. It is in this spirit that we demand adequate provision for national defense, and we condemn the inexcusable neglect that has been shown in this matter of first national importance. We must have the strength which self-respect demands, the strength of an efficient nation ready for every emergency.

Our preparation must be industrial and economic as well as military. Our severest test will come after the war is over. We must make a fair and wise readjustment of the tariff, in accordance with sound protective principle, to insure our economic importance and to maintain American standards of living. We must conserve the best interests of labor realizing that in democracy, patriotism and national strength must be rooted in even handed justice. In preventing, as we must, unjust discrimination and monopolistic practices we must still be zealous to assure the foundations of honest business. Particularly should we seek the expansion of foreign trade.

We must not throttle enterprise here or abroad, but rather promote it and take pride in honorable achievement. We must take up the serious problems of transportation, of interstate and foreign commerce in a sensible and candid manner and provide an enduring basis for prosperity by the intelligent use of the constitutional powers of Congress so as adequately to protect the public on the one hand and on the other to conserve the essential instrumentalities of progress.

I stand for the principles of our civil service laws. In every department of government the highest efficiency must be insisted upon. For all laws and programmes are vain without efficient and impartial administration.

I cannot within the limits of this statement speak upon all the

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subjects that will require attention. I can only say that I fully indorse the platform you have adopted.

I deeply appreciate the responsibility you impose. I should have been glad to have that responsibility placed upon another. But I shall undertake to meet it, grateful for the confidence you express. I sincerely trust that all former differences may be forgotten and that we may have united effort in a patriotic realization of our national need and opportunity.

I have resigned my judicial office and I am ready to devote myself unreservedly to the campaign.

CHARLES E. HUGHES.

WASHINGTON, June 10.

This was more than an acceptance of a nomination and more than a statement of accepted issues. It was a crisp and definite notification to all concerned that Mr. Hughes is an out-and-out Republican as well as an out-and-out American and that his response to a unanimous call from his party was in no degree dependent upon the favor or disfavor of any other organization or of any individual, whatever might be the consequences to himself. Then he doffed his gown, donned a sack coat, talked to the reporters, took the first train for his native State and began a campaign which promises to be vigorous and sustained, while his uncomfortably restless adversaries were still rubbing their sleepy eyes,—appearing for all the world as one just released from prison whose pent-up energies had suddenly been loosed for the service of his fellow men.

Taking into thoughtful consideration the effect of the weather and other somewhat depressing conditions, we consider that the Democratic convention should be pronounced a success. The power of habit proved to be nearly, if not quite, as strong in St. Louis as the power of silence had shown itself in Chicago. Although to the casual observer there seemed to be little call for discussion, the leaders conferred mysteriously in carefully guarded rooms quite conformably to usage and tradition and the minor satellites appeared no less burdened with responsibilities than usual. Poverty-stricken Tammany made a brave showing and the cohorts of Mr. Roger Sullivan were everywhere in evidence. All, as we anticipated, were united and all rejoicing, some for one reason and some, alas we fear, for another. Senator William Joel Stone alone was troubled in his sleep by a spectre clad in soiled judicial ermine and voiced his right-

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eous indignation volubly until he was informed by Mr. Charles F. Murphy that the Democrats of New York contemplated nominating a Supreme Court Justice for Governor. Then he subsided into unwonted calm. As we foresaw, Speaker Clark was prevented from attending by pressure of official duties, but he wrote philosophically to Mr. Hearst's newspapers that "if any gentleman doubts that luck is a great factor in human affairs, let him stroll over to the White House, commune with Woodrow, and be undeceived." It was a somewhat cryptic utterance but was generally accepted as a favorable omen.

We think we said last month that the two militant Secretaries, Messrs. Daniels and Baker, would have general charge of the proceedings by unanimous consent of the President, and so it proved. The Head of the Navy was more in evidence than his colleague but was no more conspicuous, because of the excessive heat which rendered the wearing of his naval cap impracticable. Mr. Baker's advent was awaited with ill-concealed anxiety by those who hoped he would fetch an answer to the query contained in his famous telegram of February 24th, 1916, to wit:

HON. ATLEE POMERENE, UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.: Opinion here (Cleveland) is wholly with the President. He will doubtless save the honor of the country, but cannot something be done to save the party which at present is a dismal failure?

NEWTON D. BAKER.

Bulletins announcing that the War Secretary was "rushing West" with a platform for the Committee on Resolutions to draft were issued at stated intervals, but he was a long time coming because of the difficulty of framing a plank that might win Rooseveltians without shooing away the voters of the Middle West. But he finally arrived in good condition with the platform in his suit-case and the names of Temporary Chairman, Permanent Chairman, Chairman of the National Committee and Chairman of the Finance Committee in his head. A slight difficulty arose from the refusal of the doorkeepers to admit the delegates, but this was quickly resolved and in due time Disappearing Chairman William F. McCombs called the band to order and made an excellent speech whose chief distinction was an inadvertent omission, due doubtless to an oversight, of mention of the Administration or the President.

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Temporary Chairman Martin H. Glynn also made a capital address far superior in both substance and form to that of Senator Harding, and Senator James was at his best. Mr. Bryan talked, too, and received an ovation from the office-holders who comprised four-fifths of the convention. But Judge Woodchuck was the prize winner. We knew he would be. He had been four years composing his speech and it showed it. But for lack of space no power could prevent us from printing this remarkable panegyric in full. As it is, our readers must content themselves with the following excerpt from the peroration:

> Sons of America, keep unsullied the sacred shrine of peace, through whose portals will yet pass arm in arm the crowned head and the humble peasant in silent worship of God.
>
> Out of the ruins and sufferings of the present conflict will arise a temple of justice whose dome will be the blue vault of heaven; its illuminants the eternal stars; its pillars the everlasting hills; its ornaments the woods and bountiful fields; its music the rippling rills, the song of birds, the laughter of happy childhood; its diapason the roar of mills and the hum of industry; its votaries the peoples of the earth; its creed, on which hangs all the law and the prophets, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Above its altars in ineffaceable color will live eternally the vision of its artificer.
>
> Therefore, my fellow-countrymen, not I, but his deeds and achievements; not I, but the spirit and purpose of America; not I, but the prayers of just men; not I, but civilization itself, nominates to succeed himself to the Presidency of the United States, to the Presidency of a hundred million free people, bound in impregnable union, the scholar, the statesman, the financier, the emancipator, the pacificator, the moral leader of democracy, Woodrow Wilson.

If even the Honorable James E. Martine does not meet his match in Judge Woodchuck at the forthcoming primaries in New Jersey, we wholly miss our guess.

We need not recount the further proceedings. The newspapers have performed their full duty. But the simple and to our mind quite remarkable fact is that a convention, personally conducted from Washington, which opened listlessly, became thoroughly enlivened and the great body of delegates who first entered the hall dispirited and dejected finally left it full of enthusiasm and, if not of confidence, at least of as firm a determination to hold the offices as that of the Republicans to get them.

The only disquieting feature of the gathering was the

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absence of Colonel Mouse. We looked all around for him—in the fireplaces, in the corners, under the tablecloth, under the bureau, everywhere in fact that we could think of, we even baited and set a trap near the door; but all to no purpose. We are convinced that Colonel Mouse was not there. In all other respects the Democratic convention shone brightly in comparison with that of the Republicans in Chicago. We are glad that, unlike Senator James A. O'Gorman, Senator Oscar W. Underwood, Speaker Champ Clark, Colonel Henry Watterson, the Honorable Samuel Untermyer, Mr. James B. Regan, and others too few to mention, we went to St. Louis.

So we enter upon a four-months' campaign which promises well for the Republic. Neither of the two candidates is a superman; neither is as yet or likely to become a popular hero; but each unquestionably personifies the best that his party has to offer—and more could not be expected. That, of course, is the vital and most gratifying fact, but in addition it should be noted that each as a candidate is positively the strongest that could have been named. It is as silly for the Democrats to insist that they wanted Hughes as it would be for the Republicans to say that they would not have preferred another—any other—to Wilson. To those temporarily benumbed supporters of the Administration who demanded the nomination of Roosevelt in order "to make an issue," which now, alas, cannot be raised between two candidates whose dissimilarities are only physical and facial, we remark blandly that if such be the case the only point to be determined is whether a majority of the voters are Democrats. But such is not the case. We doubt if there exist in America two men descended from the same stock, reared in like environments and educated by a substantially uniform process who bear slighter resemblance, one to the other, temperamentally, constitutionally or morally than Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes. Analysis of their distinguishing traits by way of contrast, which incidentally we shall adventure in due time, should prove at least interesting and, unless we err in our surmise that the ultimate issue will be Character, perhaps important.

Meanwhile, minor issues must find their places and false issues must be eliminated. Chief among the latter raised at the outset by our neighbor the *Sun* is the question of Mr.

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Wilson's fidelity with respect to the single-term pledge. As to that, we modestly but firmly refer to the argument contained in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, 1916. If more remains to be or need be said upon that subject, we frankly confess to a serious impairment of reasoning faculties. No; there is nothing in this point. Mr. Wilson receives his renomination with clean hands.

Then comes "Too proud to fight!" Cannot we forget that? Mr. Wilson used an unhappy phrase at an unfortunate time and has paid the full penalty for his heedlessness. Abroad in particular, even more generally than at home, he has reaped a harvest of jeers—in a measure and within bounds, we admit, deserved. But is it becoming in us as Americans to rejoice in or to encourage the sneering of foreigners at a mere inadvertence on the part of our own President? What Mr. Wilson meant to say was that our great Nation is above yielding to the temptation to utilize its immeasurably superior resources in dealing with weaker peoples, that we would submit to both insult and injury to the limit of human endurance before we would even seem to play the bully,—and he spoke the truth. To interpret his words as implying that either he or the Nation is pusillanimous is to do wilful wrong to our own Chief Magistrate. Everybody knows the interpretation is false. Everybody knows that, whatever may be his deficiencies in other respects, Woodrow Wilson has no lack of daring and would be the last to impugn the high spirit of his country. Again we ask, Cannot we forget or at least ignore "Too proud to fight"? If in a roystering campaign we cannot be expected to be generous or even just, we may at least refuse to sacrifice decency to meanness.

We are less concerned by the *World's* heralding of Mr. Hughes as "the Kaiser's candidate" and pronouncing his declaration that he is an out-and-out American "surprising and amazing." Even the *Times*, which is setting a hot pace for the *World* in supporting the President, has the grace to admit that "Mr. Hughes has done his part to take the hyphen out of politics" and that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes combined have put it out altogether. The *World* itself, too, as late as June 8th, when it was still hoping for Roosevelt and speaking its honest convictions, said with characteristic emphasis:

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As for the pretended distrust of Hughes's Americanism, we doubt if there is a single human being outside the walls of an idiot asylum who seriously questions it. Hughes is the same kind of American that Wilson is, that Roosevelt is, that Root is, that Taft is, that every man is who has earned high place in the service of the American people. The questions that have been raised are not even plausibly hypocritical.

Further evidences of the *World's* insincerity might be adduced without number from its own pages. But it really is not worth while. Whatever measure of achievement or comfort the *World* or anybody else can derive from assailing the Americanism of Charles Evans Hughes may be accorded with perfect resignation. Whoever in or out of a lunatic asylum enjoys beating his head against a stone wall should not be denied the privilege. But the *World,* to our certain knowledge, was brought up to know and behave better.

Our other neighbor, the *Times,* for its part, continues to shout at the top of its lungs "Out, out" to the "damned spot" left on the judicial ermine by Mr. Wilson's active competitor's resignation. We have already noted the sharp rebuke administered by the *Times* to the Manchester *Union* for criticizing Mr. Hughes on this very score, but we would not nag a worthy contemporary in distress. Nor have we the heart to call its attention to the simple fact that, in logic and effect, its reprobation bears reflection far less upon the act of Mr. Hughes than upon the judgment of the President who will appoint his successor—perchance "another Brandeis." It may be remarked in passing, however, that the representatives of a large majority of the people have already passed judgment upon this question. Despite the earnest protests of our neighbor, it was not raised by any supporters of competitors for the Republican nomination, was not even referred to by the antagonistic Progressives and was abruptly swept into the dustpan at St. Louis. In any case, in the light of the *Times's* positive assurance that Mr. Hughes "will not be elected"—following closely upon its firm declaration that he would not be nominated—why bother?

But enough! We of independent—not neutral—minds have four long months in which to discuss issues and weigh candidates,—and be assured that the task will be performed with painstaking thoroughness. It goes without saying that, for our part, we shall puncture humbug and deride hypocrisy

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whenever and wherever those detestable concomitants of a political campaign may appear. In return for this service to our contemporaries, may we not hope that neither of the candidates be likened to Lincoln? It does not seem as if we could bear it. Hughes is Hughes and Wilson is Wilson,—which should satisfy the partisans of each. So "why," in the words of Whistler, "lug in Velasquez?"

One word more and we have done. It is an important election, of course, involving issues of great moment to our beloved Republic and to all mankind.

But there is no crisis.

Believe us, guided by either Wilson or Hughes, the country is as safe as a clock.

THE NEW INDEPENDENCE

We have had the "New Idea," the "New Nationality," and the "New Freedom." Why not the New Independence? For in the beginning Independence was essential to Nationality and to Freedom, and was the chief political Idea. If the superstructure is to be renovated, why not the foundation? The apt warning against putting new wine into old bottles may not inappropriately be adapted to the placing of new edifices upon old foundations. Not that we, ourselves, think that the old foundation or the old superstructure, either, is obsolete or ruinous. But the latter inevitably and most welcomely grows, from year to year and from generation to generation; and it is therefore well to observe to what extent, if any, the former needs enlarging and perhaps strengthening to bear its new responsibilities.

What Independence meant in 1776 all know. It was the severance of all political ties with the Mother Country and the establishment of America as a new sovereignty among the nations of the earth, the full peer of all other nations in privileges, rights and powers. That work was done and well done, and it is in no danger of ever being undone. The danger is that men will not entirely appreciate what it meant, what it implied, and what it entailed upon succeeding generations, even this present, to improve its opportunities and to bring it to full fruition.

The New Independence, which is to be the foundation of our New Nationality and New Freedom and all the New

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Ideas of a progressive nation, must first of all comprise what we may term Militant Independence. By that we do not mean militarism. We mean simply a rational national preparedness for defense adequate to the task of maintaining in any contingency the political independence which was won in 1776-83. "They have rights who dare maintain them." But only they can maintain them who have the physical power to do so. To claim rights without the power and resolution to maintain them is foolhardy. Perhaps that must be done by small nations, trusting to the broken staff of treaty and convention. How the rights of small states fare when they stand in the way of a great state's desires, let Belgium and Serbia witness.

Time was when any great degree of preparedness seemed unnecessary. Our detached and isolated position, as Washington phrased it, not only suggested aloofness from European affairs but also afforded a large degree of protection. Nevertheless, the very two statesmen of all who most were identified with the achieving of our original independence, and who most of all dwelt upon the advantages of our remote position, were zealous for the highest possible degree of military preparedness. Washington, who won our independence in the field, was never weary of reminding the nation that the surest means of preserving peace is to be prepared for war. Jefferson urged that military instruction and drill be obligatory in every school and that compulsory military service be required of every able-bodied male citizen.

The fact is that our detached and isolated position no longer exists. Invention has nullified geography, at least so far as latitude and longitude are concerned. The Atlantic Ocean is not as broad to-day as the Hudson River was a century and a third ago. America and Europe are for all practical purposes closer together than New York and New Jersey in Washington's time. An army of a fifth of a million could be transported hither from Europe with less anxiety and uncertainty of result than Washington experienced in crossing the Delaware. In such circumstances nothing can be more reasonable and more desirable than to adopt at least the prescription of Washington and Jefferson, and to assure the Militant Independence of the United States.

Commercial and Industrial Independence also cries aloud to heaven for firm establishment. We are exulting in the vast increase in our foreign trade which has come to us

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through the extraordinary demands of the war. But we are dependent upon other nations for the vessels to carry our goods abroad. We insist, properly, upon the right of our citizens to travel on the high seas without molestation. But we are dependent upon other nations for the vessels in which they travel. We are seeking to increase our trade with South America, and through the Isthmian Canal which we have built at so vast a cost. But we are dependent upon other nations for the vessels in which that trade is to be carried. Is it not time that such humiliating and detrimental dependence was ended, and that our Commercial Independence was established?

Today prices of many drugs, including those most used and needed in the materia medica, have risen to almost prohibitive figures; because of the difficulty of getting supplies from Germany. To-day many of our most important industries are gravely embarrassed, and indeed some of them are closing their doors, because of the impossibility of getting the needed supplies of dyes and other materials from Germany; and the American Government has recently been placed in the attitude of a suppliant, humbly begging a European nation to grant it the boon of letting a limited invoice of dyes come hither, in order that we may continue to print our paper currency! It is time that such degrading and costly dependence was ended. It is time for the republic to be sufficient unto itself in such things, and to proclaim and to maintain its Industrial Independence.

It ought not to be necessary to demand a new Declaration of Moral and Intellectual Independence; but, judging from recent and even current indications, that is perhaps the greatest need of all. "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence" Washington warned his countrymen in his most earnest tones; but the warning has gone unheeded. Bonvouloir in 1775 boasted that he could make the Continental Congress do whatever he wished, and Vergennes and Luzerne in 1781 said that they had dictated to Congress its choice of a Foreign Secretary. Probably they were partly true and partly false in their pretensions. The boasts of aliens and hyphenates in 1916, that they have dictated the action of Congress and of nominating conventions, may be more false than true. But it is a most repugnant thing to have any such boasts made at all, and it is an ominous and revolting thing to have a great many American citizens be-

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lieve that they are true. The thing ought to be so impossible, and its impossibility ought to be so obvious and notorious that any mention of it would be greeted with universal derision, contempt, and execration.

This phase of our Independence, then, urgently needs reassertion, with all possible emphasis. We say "reassertion," for while it might be called a part of the New Independence, it would, like Militant Independence, be merely a harking back to the sane and masterful principles of our first Administration. Washington read to Moustier, Genet and others lectures which they never forgot, and which caused all who had dealings with this country to "sit up and take notice." We need such spirit and such action to-day, as much as it was needed then. The "Gallican" and "Anti-Gallican" or "Anglican" faction in our politics disgraced the closing years of the eighteenth century and almost imperilled the integrity of the young republic. It is high time, it was indeed time a century ago, for such things to be ended and to be forever impossible. It is time for Moral and Intellectual Independence.

Independence Day in 1916 will be more profitable if it turns the thoughts of the nation, and its inflexible resolution, to these things, than if it is devoted to a mere rehearsing of the indictment of George III. and of what Rufus Choate called the "glittering and sounding generalities" of the Declaration of Independence. The cold, cubical, concrete fact is that they will be "glittering and sounding generalities" and nothing more unless we make of them a practical and specific application to every changing need and exigency of our national life and growth. The Independence for present consideration is not that which was declared in 1776 and was achieved in 1783, but rather that which is needed in 1916.

THE RACE NOT GOING MAD

Let us be tranquil. The human race is not all going mad. Nor are those divisions of it which enjoy the highest intellectual and social culture, and therefore, as some say, suffer the highest mental pressure and the tensest nervous strain, immediately doomed to hopeless insanity. It is true that some statistics are somewhat startling; or are made to appear so, which is a very different thing. But recollec-

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tions of a few of the innumerable interpretations and demonstrations of the Number of the Apocalyptic Beast admonish us that of a truth "things are not always what they seem."

A recent report of the Board of Lunacy Control of Great Britain, for example, has created a considerable sensation and set headline-writers and paragraphers, not to mention supposedly profound students of sociology, to exploiting with woful forebodings the appalling increase of insanity in the United Kingdom. It appears that in 1859 there were 185 lunatics in every hundred thousand of the population, and that in 1915 the number had risen to 377, or had a trifle more than doubled in fifty-six years; from which it is cheerfully computed that if things keep on at that rate, the year 2350 will see the entire population on the British Isles in Bedlam.

Doubtless; though there is much virtue in an "if." It will, however, be well for the maniac to refrain from calling the lunatic mad; since in the race for Bedlam Brother Jonathan is easily outstripping Brother John. Over here it does not take anything like fifty-six years to double—statistically—the number of insane. In 1890 we had 118 insane in every hundred thousand, and in 1910 the number had risen to 204; so that if we keep on at that rate, increasing the number of insane nearly 73 per cent. in twenty years, we shall all be mad about two centuries before our British cousins.

Indeed, the United States is already, in spots—and in some pretty big spots—about as badly off in mind as the United Kingdom; and in the central spot of all it is much worse off. For while it seems rather serious for the latter country to have 377 madmen in every hundred thousand, we had in the District of Columbia twenty years ago no fewer than 649, and at the census of 1910 that number had risen to 873. Of course, there is Congress; but that does not account for it, since both Senators and Representatives are charged against their home States! Some of the chief States, too, are nearly as unbalanced, mentally, as Great Britain. Massachusetts in 1910 pleaded the possession of 344.6 insane in every hundred thousand, and New York 343.2, while California, at the other rim of the continent, had 279.8.

There is much instructive significance, however, in the comparisons, or the contrasts, among the various States. Thus in 1890 the number to the hundred thousand in New Hampshire was reported to be only 90.8, while in Vermont,

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right alongside and with very similar social conditions, it was 144.7. In New York it was 224, and in the adjoining and similar State of Pennsylvania it was only 119. In Arkansas it was only 34.6, while in Kentucky it was 107.1. In Washington it was 97.6, and in Oregon 176.6, and in California 272.2. In Colorado it was 58, and in Montana 130.1. In Indiana it was 82, and in Ohio 135.1; in Wisconsin 81.7 and in Michigan 132.3; in South Dakota 70.6 and in North Dakota 109.5. It would be quite impossible to maintain the proposition that there was any difference, natural or artificial, between the members of these various pairs of States, sufficient to cause so enormous a difference between the respective mental conditions of their inhabitants. States lying side by side, with the same soil, climate and industries, inhabited by people of the same race, and with practically the same laws, customs and morals, simply cannot differ so widely in sanity.

There are similar contrasts in rates of increase of lunacy. In the twenty years from 1890 to 1910 the number to the hundred thousand in Maine rose from 92.6 to 169.5, and that in the immediately adjacent and similar State of New Hampshire from 90.8 to 211.1. That in Pennsylvania rose from 119 to 196.4, and that in Delaware from 84.3 to 218. The figures in Louisiana rose from 54.4 to 130.3, and in Georgia from 81.1 to only 120. California's made only the slightest rise, from 272.2 to 279.8, while Washington's leaped from 97.6 to 174, and Colorado's from 58 to 150.1. Michigan's rose from 132.3 to 238.4, and Wisconsin's from 81.7 to 282.2. While South Dakota's more than doubled, from 70.6 to 148, North Dakota's actually fell, from 109.5 to 108.8.

These differences cannot be real. They are merely apparent, and the appearance of them is due to a number of circumstances. One of the chief of these is, no doubt, the statutory system of caring for the insane. The figures cited are those of the number of persons living in asylums or hospitals for the insane. It is well known that some States make much more generous provisions for such unfortunates than others, and that therefore in them the insane are much more generally cared for in such institutions. As a result those States are charged with a much greater number of lunatics than are the States with less provision for them, although the actual number may be the same. If a State had no asylums whatever, but had all its insane inhabitants cared

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for in their own homes, it would figure in the census statistics as having no lunatics at all. That, no doubt, is one of the reasons why the ratio of reported insane is so much higher in New England and the Middle and Middle Western States than it is in the Southern States. The difference is not in the actual number of deranged persons, but in the extent to which they are domiciled in institutions, or are kept at home.

If thus the contrasts among States are largely to be accounted for, there is an equally convincing explanation of the generally considerable increase in the number of reported insane, which does not imply so great an actual increase, if indeed any at all. That is, the great change, which is chiefly though perhaps not entirely improvement, in alienistic diagnosis. Very many persons are now declared to be insane and are committed to asylums, who a generation ago were regarded as merely "queer" or "eccentric" and remained in their homes, and perhaps pursued freely their vocations. Many others are suffering from nervous strain, from overwork, dissipation, or what not, and have voluntarily gone for a time to institutions euphemistically called neuropathic or psychopathic sanitariums, which in the census are classed as hospitals or asylums and the inmates of which are reckoned among the insane.

It is well known that striking changes in other vital statistics are susceptible of similar explanation. There were probably as many cases of appendicitis a generation or two ago as there are now, but they did not figure under that name in the reports, since that name was not then in common use. So the apparent increase in cases of paresis is largely caused by the application of that name to cases which formerly would have been called softening of the brain or something else. The changes have been in nomenclature, in diagnosis, in disposition, and not in the actual health of the people. We may rest assured, then, that there is no such ominous increase in the actual prevalence of insanity as the statistics seem to indicate, neither in Great Britain nor in the United States. Some increase there may be, due to unhealthful domestic, social and business conditions and customs, and this may be sufficient to be worthy of emphasis, for admonition against indulgence in the conditions which are at fault. The more highly organized and cultivated—not to say, sophisticated—society becomes, the more susceptible to disturbance do

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psychic elements become, and the greater is the strain which the nerves and brain suffer. Yet at the same time it should be possible, not only amid but actually because of those very conditions and circumstances, to develop and increase psychical stamina and resistant powers.

The pretense that a degree of insanity is essential to intellectual genius cannot be maintained. Doubtless some geniuses have been eccentric, and a few have actually been insane; though in a far greater number of cases eccentricity has been assumed and affected by mediocrities in the hope of thus winning the reputation of genius, or has been imputed without warrant in fact, by romantic and exaggerating adulators or biographers. Moreover, for every real genius who has verged upon insanity, or has even really had marked eccentricities, there have been several equally great who have been indisputably sane, methodical, moral, and conformed to the established order of society. For every Nietzsche there are several Spencers and Huxleys. And if thus mental aberration is not necessary to the highest attainments in the individual, neither is it in the community, the State or the race. We may proceed with all possible inventions and culture and refinements of social existence, without sending the community, the State or the race to the madhouse.

OUR SHIPS AND SOME OTHERS

Again we boast. The battleship *Pennsylvania* has been put into commission. It is the most powerful fighting machine in our navy. That, however, is not enough to say of it. We are assured, with ingenious and persistent iteration, that it is the most powerful in the world. True, there are others of far greater horse-power; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. There are others of far greater speed; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. There are others which carry heavier guns; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. There are several which surpass the *Pennsylvania* in all three of these respects; but the *Pennsylvania* is the most powerful. We hope that it is true.

It is not grateful nor gracious to argue against our own, or to challenge our alleged superiority. But greatness does not consist in merely saying that we are great. We should

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resent "a certain condescension in foreigners" which would patronizingly remit us and ours to inferiority; but we should also deprecate a certain bumptiousness in nationals which would laud everything that we have as the best in the world simply because it is ours. It will be well for us all to reckon ourselves "from Missouri" and to insist upon ocular demonstration of our greatness.

The *Pennsylvania* is undoubtedly a magnificent ship. We wish there were two dozen like it in the navy. But to the mere landlubber there does seem reason to ask for further proof than a mere "say so" of its superiority over the several vessels of the *Queen Elizabeth* class. It is admitted that the *Pennsylvania's* guns are of only fourteen inches caliber, against the *Queen Elizabeth's* fifteen, but it is insisted that the former are of as great range and as effective as the latter. That may be, but if so it is very surprising and puzzling to the layman. If a fourteen-inch gun is as effective as a fifteen, then is a thirteen as good as a fourteen, and a twelve as good as a thirteen, and so on down the scale? If so, we shall presently find ourselves declaring, according to one of Euclid's axioms, that a two-inch gun is as effective as one of fifteen inches.

A similar line of argument applies to the matter of speed. The 31,500 horse power of the *Pennsylvania* drives its 31,400 tons at the rate of 21 knots, while the 58,000 horse power of the *Queen Elizabeth* drives its 27,500 tons at the rate of 25 knots. We are told, it is true, that speed is not the prime consideration. Perhaps not. But it is an important consideration, and, other things being equal, it is a decisive consideration. Superiority of even a single knot would mark one vessel as superior to another if they were equal in all other respects. Superiority of four knots is far too wide a margin to be overlooked.

It is boasted that the *Pennsylvania* has oil-burning engines, which increase her radius of action 40 per cent for the same weight of fuel over coal-burning vessels. That may be quite true. But we must remember that the *Queen Elizabeth* and all the six vessels of its type also have oil-burning engines, so that we can claim nothing better than equality with them in that respect. It is said, too, that the *Pennsylvania* is the most heavily protected ship in the world, with an armor belt 13½ inches thick. But the *Queen Eliz-*

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abeth and more than a dozen other British ships also have 13½-inch armor, so that in that particular, also, our best claim is nothing more than equality. The *Pennsylvania* is not "the most heavily protected," but merely one of the most heavily.

So in the last analysis this is the statement of the case: The two ships are equal in defensive armor, and in steaming radius. But the British ship steams 25 knots to the American's 21, and throws a main broadside of 17,600 pounds in 15-inch projectiles to our 16,800 pounds in 14-inch projectiles. How the *Pennsylvania* can be the more formidable, with 4.76 per cent inferiority in weight of broadside and 19 per cent inferiority in speed, is "one of those things no fellow can find out," at least without a more lucid and convincing demonstration than has yet been given.

We are not kill-joys. We would not unduly depreciate anything American. But we do not believe in living in a fool's paradise, and in deceiving ourselves into believing that our ship is the most formidable in the world when, or if, it is not; and we cannot see how it can be the most formidable in the circumstances which we have described. Twenty-one knots are not swifter than 25, and 16,800 pounds are not heavier than 17,600. That is the whole story.

What we should like to see is the building of ships for our navy which are indisputably in all essential respects at least the equals of any others in the world—in speed, in guns, in armor, and in radius of action. Why not? Our *Pennsylvania* is considerably bigger in displacement than the *Queen Elizabeth*. Why could it not have been equipped with as powerful engines, which would drive it at as high a rate of speed? And why could it not have been provided with as big guns, which would throw as heavy a broadside and throw it as far? Here we are putting into commission in 1916, and boasting of as "the last word in super-dreadnought building," a ship which is only a trifle stronger than the ships which Great Britain completed three years ago. Why, the original *Dreadnought*, commissioned away back in 1906, was as speedy as our *Pennsylvania*. Must we be content to follow along a few years behind other nations? Such a policy may suit Sir Josephus Daniels. It is not pleasing to the American people.

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TRADE AND THE WAR

THE "Influence of Sea Power in History" looms large. It is not, however, invariably military power. The dreadnought, the battle cruiser, the destroyer and the submarine all play their part: but the liner, the freighter and the tramp have their parts, too; and in the present case their parts seem dominant. What is the explanation of the importunate—and also impudent—German demand in a recent note that, in return for Teutonic cessation from murder of American women and children at sea, the United States shall require the Allies to relax their blockade of German trade? The Russians, who a year ago were armed with nothing but bludgeons and knives and stones, and so had to retreat before the Teutons, are now well armed and equipped with so vast a profusion of the munitions of war that they have been able to drive the Austrian armies before them with such a storm of cannonading as not even Verdun could surpass. The reason is writ large in the current reports of the American Department of Commerce.

The first and most obvious fact is the destruction of German trade. In 1913, the year before the war, we exported to Austria-Hungary goods to the value of $23,320,696. In the ten months ending with April of last year this had fallen to $1,219,924. That was a tremendous decline. But the Allied blockade was not yet fully effective. When it was applied in all its stringency, the result was marked. In the ten months ending with April of this year our exports to Austria-Hungary were only $152,916. There was a similar process in the case of Germany, even more marked. In 1913 she took from us goods valued at $331,684,212. In the ten months of the last fiscal year she took only $28,861,187, and in the corresponding period of the present fiscal year, $283,385. These figures are eloquent of the deprivation of supplies which Germany now suffers.

The deprivation has not been total, however. Germany has secured vast volumes of imports from the United States by way of the neutral countries which border upon her. She found it easy to have goods shipped to Holland, to Denmark and to Sweden, professedly for those countries, and then have them sent across the border, or across the Baltic, to her. How great was this trade, and how much it has now been decreased by the strenuous vigilance of the Allies, a

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few figures will show. Before the war, in 1913, our shipments to Denmark were only $18,687,794. Their highest figure was in 1907, when they exceeded $23,000,000. But in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1915 they leaped to $70,549,822, an increase of more than three hundred per cent. It would have been absurd to pretend that all that increased volume of goods was wanted and would be consumed in Denmark itself. The bulk of it was intended for Germany and was sent straight across the German frontier. Seeing this, the Allies established a censorship over Danish trade and in the first ten months of the present fiscal year reduced imports from America to $46,983,907. That was a great reduction from 1915, but it still left Danish-American trade twice as great as ever before.

There was a similar record in the case of Sweden. Before the war we sent thither a maximum of $12,104,366, in 1913. But in the first ten months of 1915 Sweden took from us $71,911,063; and the Baltic ferries were busy. The Allies applied the blockade, and the figures fell to $46,394,910 in 1916; still leaving a large margin to Germany's good. The case of Holland is somewhat different. In 1913 she took from us $125,909,862. But not all of that was for home use. A large proportion of it was destined for Germany, to which empire Holland is a natural gateway. So great was the trade of Holland that no attempt was made to increase it during the war. Instead, it remained for a time almost stationary, in the first ten months of 1915 amounting to $122,691,172. But the Allies took measures to exclude much of what was destined for Germany, with the result that in the ten months of the present fiscal year the sum was only $80,408,549. Germany, therefore, not only has lost practically all her direct trade with the United States, but also she has lost a large share of the indirect, by way of her neutral neighbors. There can be little doubt that this deprivation has caused much stringency in supplies, and probably much popular distress and a handicap upon military operations.

At the same time our traffic with the Allies has been increasing to an extraordinary degree. In 1913 our exports to France were $146,100,201. In the ten months of the last fiscal year they were $276,576,310, and in the corresponding part of the present year, $477,615,253. That is to say, they have considerably more than trebled. The same is true of Italy. Her figures are: 1913, $76,285,278; 1915 (10 months),

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$158,153,469; 1916 (10 months), $220,605,330. So with the United Kingdom. In 1913 we sent thither $597,149,059. In the first ten months of 1915 we sent $724,941,561, and in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1916, the stupendous sum of $1,185,680,135. These figures, by the way, are an impressive reply to Germany's boast of a submarine blockade of the British Isles!

Most significant of all in some respects are the Russian figures, for the empire in both Europe and Asia. In 1913 our exports were only $26,465,214. In the ten months of 1915 they rose a little, to $35,221,431; but Russian soldiers were still without arms and ammunition. But in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1916, ending with April, Russia's receipts from America made the astounding leap to $229,442,203. No wonder that the Slavic legions were abundantly provided with all the munitions of war, for their great drive into Bukowina and Galicia, and that they were there able to employ "curtains of fire" rivalling those of the western battle front.

Thus the effect of the war upon commerce, and the effect of commerce upon the war, are equally notable. The latter may indeed prove to be by far the greater. It is scarcely supposable that the former will be permanent. Our trade with Germany has been suspended, not abolished for all time. Our trade with the Allies has been enormously increased, but the bulk of the gain is only temporary. But the effect of trade upon the war, in depriving one side of indispensable supplies and in giving the other all that it needs, may well prove decisive of the outcome of the contest. Just as it was the sea power of the North that, more even than Grant's and Sherman's armies, destroyed the Southern Confederacy, so it may well be the sea power of the Allies, in depriving Germany of needed supplies and in securing for themselves all supplies that are desired, that will prove the deciding factor in the War of the Nations.

THE CLOSING DOOR IN CHINA

The Chinese door seems to be closing. We mean the door of American opportunity. It is a circumstance which probably few have noticed, for the events of the War of the Nations overshadow everything else, and cause us to ignore

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things which, without the war, would be regarded as of paramount importance. It is true that the Chinese revolution, which first gave the empire a constitution and then overthrew the empire and established a republic, occurred before the war in Europe. But since then, during the war, have occurred two more revolutions, by one of which the republic was subverted and the monarchy was restored, and by the other the monarchy was again abolished and the republic was rehabilitated. And still later has come the death of the President, who was called by exaggeration the Strong Man of China, with the succession of the Vice-President to the headship of the state.

In all these things America should have been China's next friend. As the premier republic in the world, this country should have been foremost in welcoming China into the fellowship of republics, and in encouraging her to remain constant in the republican faith. This is suggested by both ancient tradition and recent practice. The United States years ago took the beneficent lead in establishing the open door, the integrity of the empire, and equality of opportunity; in saving the empire from the Boxer outbreak; and in returning to China an unjustly exacted indemnity. Those and other like things ingratiated the United States with China, and secured for us an opportunity to enter into peculiarly intimate and mutually beneficent relations with the most populous nation in the world.

That opportunity has been neglected, if not entirely sacrificed and lost. It is lamentable that it is so, but so it is. The United States did not improve the opportunity at the outset, in the recognition of the Chinese Republic. Its nonparticipation in the Chinese loan impaired American prestige and drove the Chinese to look to other nations as better friends. When danger of monarchical restoration came upon the republic America did not go to the rescue with moral support, but left it to Great Britain, Russia and, of course, Japan, to offer admonition and advice. The chief American republic was strangely careless of the fate of the Asian republic.

Nor was our course what it should have been and might have been in the case of Japan's extraordinary demands upon China, the enforcement of which would make the whole of China dependent upon Japan if not an actual appanage of that country. It is quite true that our Administration

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wrote a number of polite notes upon the subject; as upon other subjects with like lack of results. It was all very well for this country to say that it would not recognize the legality of any arrangement which violated its treaty rights in China. So it had written in other notes of holding another nation to "strict accountability."

There never yet has been secured any satisfactory assurance that Japan has abandoned her designs. On the contrary, there are strong reasons for believing that she still persists in them, and that she has received from both Great Britain and Russia a free hand to do as seems good to her in China. That her purpose is monopoly is not for a moment to be questioned. The fulfilling of her demands by China will mean the practical closing of the door of commerce and industry in our faces. In any case, the prestige of America in China has fallen to about its lowest point.

Yet we have had for the last two years an unequaled chance to win a paramount place in China. The other nations have been busy with their war. We have been free. We could have promoted our own interests in China without any embarrassment from the rivalry of others. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. We all remember how the European Powers sought to take advantage of our engagement in the war with Spain to undertake the virtual partitioning of China, on plans which would have shut us out altogether. Happily the shrewd policy of President McKinley baffled them and saved us our place in the Chinese sun. Now there was a chance for us to play a return game, by taking advantage of their absorption in the big war to confirm beyond challenge our place and power in China. But we did not do it.

It might be asked why this was and is so. Has the futility of our policy toward Mexico been reflected upon our relations elsewhere? Has our paltering course toward some of the European belligerents so affected us as to induce a like course in all other great foreign matters? It would almost seem so. It would look as though we had, in Belgium's case, become so habituated and reconciled to seeing a solemn treaty regarded as "a scrap of paper" that we are quite acquiescent in similar treatment of other international obligations, even of the Open Door in China. If so, the malign influence of Mr. Bryan has extended further than was at first supposed. It should even now, before it is too

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late, be possible for the Administration to throw off that incubus and to assert a strong and aggressive, though, of course, fair and benevolent policy in China. We should not permit ourselves to be brushed aside from the Chinese problem as a negligible quantity. If the war hampers the nations which are engaged in it and prevents their active intervention in China, it certainly should not be permitted thus to affect the United States. Our hands are free, to labor diplomatically for the maintenance of the open door, integrity of territory, and equality of opportunity. We have kept them idle too strangely long. But there is still time for us to get at work. We surely should not be crowded out of China, nor have closed in our faces the door which we opened for all the world.

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WASHINGTON AND ENTANGLING ALLIANCES

BY ROLAND G. USHER

PRECISELY what had Washington in mind when he incorporated in his Farewell Address the famous dictum about "entangling alliances"? Can we prove that he meant what he has been understood to mean? What circumstances led him to this conclusion; how permanent did he believe this isolation should be; how considerable a modifying influence did he assign to future exigencies? It can hardly be gainsaid that definite answers to these questions would go far to settle the doubts in the minds of many Americans concerning future foreign policy, for many feel it safer to follow what they believe to have been the counsel of Washington than to form foreign alliances in an attempt to solve present American problems.

Fortunately, the very full evidence enables us to answer definitely all questions about the Farewell Address that are of significance. Like most important State papers, it was not composed entirely by Washington but was evolved with the assistance and collaboration of Hamilton and Madison, both of whom drafted it in full. After much discussion and correspondence with them and with others, Hamilton's final draft, with many alterations and excisions by Washington himself, was utilized. So full is our information about Hamilton's thoughts and about Washington's own ideas that we can almost trace the Address in the correspondence of the two men for the preceding years.

Washington himself has left us no doubt as to the primary purpose of this document. He says explicitly in a letter written at the moment of publication: "the principal design of it is to remove doubts at the next election" as to his candidacy for the office of President. In 1796, as his advanced

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age began to enfeeble his health, and the desires always strong in him for a quiet country life became more and more insistent, he felt that he could not accept a third term as President. He had, however, been so abused and vilified in the public press for several years, his character so aspersed, his motives so invariably questioned and misunderstood, that his modest and retiring nature shrank from announcing that he would not be a candidate for fear that his enemies would promptly impute to him vanity and conceit. In those days the Presidential electors were supposed to ballot in secret for candidates who had not previously announced to the people their willingness to accept election, and Washington rightly felt that, in declaring he sought no further political office, he would lay himself open to the charge of coveting what others had no intention of offering him. Such scruples seem to us, at this distance, strained and unnatural in his case, but the importance which Washington attached to them is evinced not only in his correspondence with Madison in 1792, but in the letters to Hamilton and others in the months when the Address itself was in preparation. As an expedient, he hit upon the idea of a "valedictory address," which, apparently occasioned by more general and permanent considerations, would thus make the statement of his unwillingness to become a Presidential candidate incidental to larger issues.

A second motive which played a great part in his decision was the desire to answer in some dignified and impressive manner the extraordinary campaign of vituperation which had been directed against him and his policy. For us who have been accustomed to think of the Farewell Address as delivered to a patriotic and affectionate nation, eager to receive from its most honored and revered statesman his parting words of counsel, it is a shock to learn that Washington meant it to be his justification before posterity for a policy which had been as roundly abused and more generally disapproved by contemporaries than perhaps any other ever initiated by an American statesman. Here again his own innate modesty made him hesitate to defend himself openly for fear he should reveal the depth of the wounds such hostility had caused him, and for fear lest his enemies should exult over an admission that he felt defense necessary. As he wrote Hamilton, the Address must defend him and his policy without making either him or his policy too prominent. Joined to these motives was the hope in Washington's mind

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that he might still possess sufficient influence—which he seems at this time to have doubted—to restrain the people from an alliance with France which he believed imminent and both unwise and inexpedient.

In the last paragraphs of the Address itself, Washington has struck for us its keynote: "With me, a predominant motive has been to gain time to [sic] our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

Throughout the years of his Presidency the fact which had been borne in upon him by events had been the weak and defenseless condition of the country. An aggregation of struggling people organized into States, deeply jealous of each other, loaded with foreign and domestic debt, with a credit scarcely established, and with neither army or navy, it seemed to him that our greatest problems were domestic, and our greatest necessity, sufficient time to solve them. He was afraid that the Constitution might not work, that the strong anti-Federalist party, hostile to it, might gain the upper hand and abolish it. A leader the malcontents had found in Thomas Jefferson, and active expression of their policies had appeared in the various newspapers which Jefferson subsidized. In Virginia and in the Mississippi Valley Washington knew an anti-national movement was being nourished by the men in his own councils. The Whiskey Rebellion against the authority of the Federal Government had, to be sure, been crushed, but the probability of other resistance was great.

And this country, weak, disorganized, and divided within itself, was, he saw, entirely dependent for its prosperity upon its foreign commerce. It produced what it could not consume and what it must sell either in the West Indies or in Europe. It had been accustomed to buy in Europe, chiefly in England, most of those commodities necessary to a civilized existence. By the sale of their own produce in the West Indies, American merchants had bought sugar and molasses which they carried to England and exchanged for manufactured goods needed in America. The dependence of the new Government and its people upon Europe was dire. What we raised could be sold only to European nations or to their colonies. What it was almost imperative for us to buy had to be obtained

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from them. Just at this time, too, an extremely lucrative trade with France had sprung up in American grain, the first truly American product, except tobacco, to find sale in any quantity in Europe.

In the way of this exchange, upon which the prosperity of the whole country was seen directly to depend, stood Great Britain; English manufactured goods were those most desired; the British West Indian colonies furnished the best markets for American produce. Yet the recent Revolution and the events of the subsequent years had thoroughly embittered English statesmen and led them to maintain restrictions exceedingly onerous to their former colonists. That the British statesmen had much reason for their distrust Washington was forced to admit. The Treaty of 1783 had not been executed by the Americans; the Loyalists had been maltreated and their property confiscated, despite the promises in the Treaty; nearly all the private and public debts owed by Americans in England had been repudiated during or after the war; and there was genuine doubt abroad whether the new Government under the Constitution was likely to maintain its credit and observe its promises any better than had the States and the Confederation.

Yet to the harassed President it was clear that without a navy we could not coerce Great Britain's fleet; that such access as we had to the West Indies and to Europe in general we must obtain with her consent. As Hamilton wrote to Washington in 1794: "'Tis our error to overrate ourselves and underrate Great Britain; we forget how little we can annoy; how much we may be annoyed." Washington therefore concluded that the United States must preserve peace at all costs and was urged thereto "by motives of policy, interest, and every other consideration, that ought to actuate a people situated and circumstanced as we are, already deeply in debt, and in a convalescent state from the struggle we had been engaged in ourselves."

This period of probation, when America's weakness thrust upon her a policy of circumspection and political isolation, was estimated by Washington and Hamilton at not less than twelve nor probably more than twenty years. In the Farewell Address Washington thus phrased this notion: "The period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance . . . when we may choose peace or war as our interests guided by justice shall counsel."

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Shortly before he had written: "If this country is preserved in tranquillity twenty years longer, it may bid defiance in a just cause to any Power whatever; such in that time will be its population, wealth, and resources."

The idea of no entangling alliances seems to have originated in negative conclusions. It was not that Washington felt that no alliance could be beneficial. The strength of the British sea power and the probable continuance of its supremacy, the extent of American dependence upon Europe, made cordial relations with Great Britain essential, and an alliance with that country was therefore *prima facie* expedient and desirable. The closer our contact (always assuming that we retained our political independence) the more advantageous the relation would be for both countries. But he saw that this alliance was one which the state of the public mind both in England and in the United States made impossible; the Revolution almost prevented the conclusion of any favorable understanding between the Governments.

At the same time, both he and Hamilton felt—and their idea descended as a tradition—that England's own interests would compel her in the long run to sanction practically that extent of intercourse with Europe and the British dominions which was imperative for America. Nor were they blind to the fact that England's own interests were a better foundation for American privileges than any paper alliance. To develop more cordial relations, to make possible for Great Britain concessions without loss of self-respect, to facilitate, where possible by diplomatic methods, arrangements and concessions: such must be the policy of the United States. A reconquest by England Washington scouted, not only as impossible of success, but as a move which the British themselves would not attempt. The one European Power which could reach America, which in fact held America in her hands, he believed was already convinced that conquest was unwise. Eminently desirable for the rapid promotion of American commerce, an alliance with Great Britain's sea power was fortunately neither imperative for defense nor essential to ensure the continuance of that minimum of economic privilege upon which the prosperity of the country depended. In her own interests Great Britain must perforce concede in practice that minimum which we could not dispense with, and in time the growth of the United States

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might make possible the exaction of more, or an alteration of sentiment in both countries might result in an amicable adjustment.

But at all costs, Washington felt, the United States must not further antagonize the sea power and thus risk the loss of that minimum of privilege. Under the stress of war or urged by resentment and passion, Great Britain might rescind that, and from its loss calamity must ensue. A commercial crisis at that precise juncture Washington felt would overturn the Constitution and put into an overwhelming majority the anti-national forces, already hostile to his own policies and the great measures of Hamilton for the funding of the debt and the establishment of the public credit at home and abroad. Yet such an alliance the great majority of the American people, led by Jefferson, seemed firmly determined to make. France, who had aided us during the Revolution and with whom we had signed a defensive treaty, was now at war in Europe with Great Britain, Austria, and the majority of the smaller states. For America, demonstrations in favor of France were common; Jefferson and his partisans declared that the existing treaty and the honor of the nation alike counseled assistance to those who had before helped us. So great was the popular enthusiasm and so vigorous were the expressions of hostility to Great Britain, so determined were the attempts to force Washington's hand and compel an alliance with France or a war with England, that the President was hard pressed to resist.

Both he and Hamilton felt, however, that to ally with France was suicide. The prosperity of the United States depended upon an access to the West Indies and to Europe which the British fleet could interdict completely. The consequences of a restriction of privilege had already demonstrated how terrible would be the result of its complete loss. Alliance with England was out of the question, but favorable commercial terms and at least a certain tolerance were essential. Nor did there seem to be a remote possibility of assisting France while the British fleet ruled the sea. Hamilton even contended that France had aided us during the Revolution solely to advance her own interests, and that we therefore owed her no debt of gratitude. In the end, Washington issued a proclamation of neutrality; snubbed Genêt and replied in friendly but reserved tone to the fervid letters from Paris; and sent Jay to England to negotiate as favorable and

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extensive a commercial treaty as could be had. The President was not optimistic as to the extent of privilege likely to be achieved, but felt with Hamilton that under the circumstances the United States must be satisfied with what could be had, and hoped that a change of conditions and perhaps of public feeling in both countries would in the future make the extension of commercial privileges possible. As he wrote to Lee, the proclamation of neutrality was intended to restrain, "as far as a proclamation would do it, our citizens from taking part in the contest."

In the Farewell Address he attempted to defend this policy by means of general propositions of advice which were really intended to convey to the men of the time some such ideas as these. Beware of alienating unnecessarily the sea power upon which you are dependent. Do not, under present circumstances, think of an alliance with France which must be based upon theory and sentiment rather than upon mutual interest. Beware of all foreign alliances which pledge the country to more assistance than it is capable of rendering or expose it to dangers which it has no means of resisting. Remember that time must elapse before the United States can become strong enough to take its place in the world and develop an independent foreign policy suited to its needs and its prospects. Until then beware of all entanglements, and even then beware of permanent alliances which the very growth of the country may itself render inexpedient in a few years. Like a weak country, a rapidly growing country must frequently revise its policies in accordance with the exigencies of times and occasions. For years to come temporary alliances will serve even extraordinary emergencies.

The following sentences include those portions of the Farewell Address which are significant in this connection, and they seem to bear, without straining or unnecessary twisting the interpretation just sketched:

> Nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular Nations [Great Britain] and passionate attachments for others [France] should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. . . . Sympathy for the favorite Nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification.

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. . . And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) [the Anti-Federalists] facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity. . . . Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter. . . . Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. . . . Real patriots [Federalists] who may resist the intrigues of the favorite [France] are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes [Jefferson et al.] usurp the applause and confidences of the people, to surrender their interests. . . .

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard, to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, *by artificial ties*, in the *ordinary* vicissitudes of her politics, or the *ordinary* combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel. . . . It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portions of the foreign world; so far, I mean as we are now at liberty to do it. . . . Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies. . . . Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest.

From the earlier portions of the Address comes corroboration of this view that the document was primarily intended as a defense of Washington's policies and opinions rather than as a permanent statement of future policy. At the same time, everyone who reads that remarkable paper must be struck by the prescience displayed by Washington in formulating his original policy upon those subjects per-

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manently significant and vital to the welfare of the American people. Whatever his intentions may have been, he certainly mentioned no subject of purely transient interest and did group those permanent features of policy which the development of the country was to affirm. The necessity of union, the dangers of sectionalism, the importance of a prompt obedience to the Federal Government, the dangers of factional conflict between political parties, the encroachment of the various departments of the Government upon each other, the imperative necessity of the maintenance of public credit,—such advice was the result of particular events and controversies upon which he himself had taken the unpopular side; but later events demonstrated the far-seeing wisdom of his choice and the accuracy of his analysis of conditions. The Farewell Address did not itself create a policy for the country: it formulated definitively those policies which Washington had already decided were expedient so long as the country's economic weakness remained pronounced, so long as the European situation made any alliance suicidal except that with the sea power, and while the Revolution made impossible and undesirable any close political connection with the late mother-country.

The Address, however, stresses with persistence three points. The situation which made such policies expedient Washington believed would disappear within twenty years, and then a more definite, more permanent, and less negative policy might be formulated. He further gave personal directions to the printer that the word "political" was to be italicized in the phrases concerning relations with Europe. The distinction he wished to draw was between political and economic relations, the former of which he felt should be as slight as possible with all nations, including Great Britain, and the latter of which he was clear should be as extended as possible with all nations and in particular with Great Britain. Finally, he constantly distinguished between permanent political alliances, which he believed inexpedient for the United States because we had no interest in the "ordinary" friendships or enmities in Europe, and temporary political alliances which he felt would be under extraordinary emergencies essential. His warning against European alliances emphasized again and again all engagements which were not rooted in American interests, adding that until the country had attained greater development Amer-

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ica could have no political (not economic) interests which a European alliance would be necessary to defend.

It should, therefore, be clear that Washington himself explicitly implied in the Farewell Address that the growth of the country would probably invalidate his counsel regarding entangling alliances within twenty years. Would he not be the last to hold that the American people are to-day to feel themselves bound to follow under present conditions a counsel regarding alliances explicitly based upon the fundamental problems of a small, weak, disorganized, debt-ridden country in which firm constitutional government, the public credit, and nationality, had yet to be established beyond the possibility of change?

ROLAND G. USHER.

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GERMANY'S FINANCIAL POSITION

BY H. J. JENNINGS

THE ineradicable tendency in human nature to let the wish be father to the thought is seldom more noticeable than when one sits in judgment upon an enemy country's economic status. A Britisher writing of German finance, like a German writing of British finance, is disposed, through the subtle influence of patriotic prejudice, to paint his enemy's case blacker than it really is. The writer of this article is an Englishman, and in addressing a neutral audience, he has endeavored to hold the scales fairly and to avoid the exaggerations of bias. An overstated case carries within itself the elements of rejection; but if, in a judicial co-ordination of facts honestly balanced, the scale happens to kick the beam, it can only be because the facts are incapable of a more qualified interpretation. In the facts themselves as here presented there is not much that is new and nothing that can be truthfully contradicted. Taken separately, they may not justify a positive conclusion, but their combined effect makes it difficult to escape from one.

Exact information is unobtainable in some particulars owing to the rigor of the German censorship; and side by side with the suppression of disagreeable facts there are the *couleur de rose* pictures painted by the Finance Minister and the Government journals that take their cue from him. There is something suspicious in this conjunction. If the financial conditions are so good, why should it be necessary to stifle criticism? Is not the explanation to be found in an official desire for the people to believe that the sacrifices they are called upon to make are incompatible with danger to the economic structure? Dr. Helfferich's soothing syrup is evidently prepared for home consumption. Its undue proportion of glucose cloys on the palate. Even thoughtful Germans must have felt, as they read his sugary utterances,

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that the ministerial comparisons of economic stability and financial staying power are much too good to be true. No stress can fairly be laid on the amused reception given to these boasts in England. It was only natural that we islanders should smile. But unless the extracts from the American press published in London are entirely misleading, expert opinion on your side seems to have had equal difficulty in swallowing Dr. Helfferich's mixture. It fails to supply the missing figures that are necessary for general enlightenment, and the gloss which it puts upon known facts seems of too obvious a kind to take in even that usually receptive person, "the man in the street."

It is sometimes possible to construe in different ways the same set of facts, according to the point of view of the commentator. There may, for instance, be two opinions about Germany's wealth, her capacity for endurance, the actual number and condition of her unemployed, the extent of the rioting against food prices, how she will face the impending heavy taxation, what the loss of her colonies signifies, how she will make good the decline in customs revenue, what is the effect of the inactivity of her passenger ships and merchantmen, where the next loan is coming from, and a number of other interesting points. All these may be so dressed up and disguised as to support, more or less, the academic theorists of the Empire, just as they may be exaggerated and colored to support the case of the Empire's enemy critics. But there are some facts that cannot be twisted out of recognition, or bent to suit the purpose of misrepresentation, favorable or otherwise. The most salient and significant of these is the heavy fall in the value of the German mark in neutral countries. Its significance lies in the fact that it is the logical outcome of the suspension of specie payments and of the wholesale manufacture of irredeemable paper money. The mark has collapsed because neutral traders no longer consider that it represents its face value. In other words, they doubt if Germany will be able to pay "twenty shillings in the pound" after the war. It is possible, of course, in such an age of miracles as this, that they may be wrong. Inconvertible legal-tender paper money is a financial expedient, the justification of which depends very largely upon ultimate developments. In some ways it resembles one of those insurrectionary movements which, if they succeed, are lauded as patriotic, but which, if they fail,

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are punished as treason. A country that deals with a currency crisis by resorting to a full-steam use of the printing-press must be judged, sooner or later, not by its choice of method, but by its dexterity in avoiding the disasters which such a method invites. Much depends upon two things: the probabilities of success and the power of recuperation. A soft-money country that emerges from a costly conflict with the material spoils of victory, and that, moreover, possesses a vast natural wealth and a population with the qualities of industry and alertness, will most likely get out of its difficulties, discharge its liabilities, re-establish its credit, and build up a sound specie currency, as the North did after the War of Secession. It does not follow that the critic is blind or prejudiced if, when he applies this test to Germany, he fails to discover any evidence that she can obtain a nominal—let alone a material—success, or that she possesses the physical advantages upon which a rapid and permanent recovery can alone be based.

One has only to refer to the Reichsbank's weekly returns to see how enormously the notes in circulation exceed the gold which it is claimed is in its vaults. On this showing alone, the State could not redeem its paper in the proportion of more than four marks in twenty. But there is a reason to believe—not on hostile, but on German, evidence—that the notes of one kind and another actually issued amount to close on 12,000,000,000 marks, against which the gold is said to amount to about 2,400,000,000 marks, in which case, if specie payments were resumed, the Reichsbank could not convert more than twenty per cent. of the paper currency. Notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, the uncertainty of the political and economic outlook, new issues are forthcoming *pro re natâ*, and apparently in disregard of the authorized ratio between paper and gold. Last December, for instance, in consequence of the hoarding by the public of Imperial bank-notes, the Reichsbank was compelled to issue for circulation upwards of 600,000,000 marks in new notes to make good the growing scarcity. If the recognized proportion between notes issued and gold held in reserve had been honestly maintained, this addition to the fiduciary circulation would be equivalent to the withdrawal from the Reichsbank of over 170,000,000 marks.

There may not be any immediate danger in this so far as internal business transactions are concerned. If a piece of

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paper impressed with an engraved plate has the same purchasing power as coined money, it answers all the requirements of home trade as long as its par value is maintained. It matters not what the internal currency of a country consists of—whether silver tokens, or cowrie shells, or fiat money—provided it is an effective medium of exchange and is stabilized by having a fixed standard of value. The latter proviso is important. All the difference in the world exists between paper currency that is convertible and paper currency that is not. The German people cannot demand gold in exchange for their notes; all they can do is to use them as legal tender and discharge their liabilities with them. This is, no doubt, just as useful (except for its effect on prices), since if they had the gold they could not do any more with it. But the disability attached to inconvertibility has enlarged the credit functions of German paper in a very curious way. It has multiplied its power without increasing the strength or volume of the basis on which it rests. For instance, the holder of 20,000 marks in bank-notes can buy War Loan with them; he can then borrow from a bank very nearly up to the issue price of the latter, and buy more Loan with the proceeds. He can again pawn this and buy still more Loan, and so on in an endless chain of fiat money and bonds, bonds and fiat money. The sum of these operations resembles an inverted pyramid standing on a geometrical point. Two hundred thousand marks may thus have no further foundation than the twenty thousand originally invested, and those twenty thousand can have no higher ratio to their nominal gold value than the actual gold in the Reichsbank has to the number of notes in circulation. Meanwhile, the pawned stock is classed as gold, it figures as gold in bank balance sheets, and even the Reichsbank itself treats it as a security realizable at par. This is a kind of finance for which nothing but sheer necessity can find an excuse. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the vast system of credit which for years has been the chief plank in Germany's economic platform.

It is in connection with external credit, however, that the shoe pinches. A debtor nation cannot force its inconvertible paper upon creditor nations. Payment has to be made in the money of the latter, and this money must be obtained in exchange for the currency of the former. If the debtor's credit stands high he can buy the foreign money

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he wants at the normal rate of exchange; if it is low he must give more for it. The value put upon this paper by his creditors is, in certain cases, a measure of their faith, or want of faith, in his solvency. The conditions are altogether different from those of a country whose exchange is adversely affected by a genuine swing round of the balance of trade. If we study fairly the case of Germany, we can hardly escape from the conclusion that the depreciation of the mark in neutral countries is nothing more or less than the expression of a belief that after the war she will be unable to meet her obligations in full. It is therefore a practical condemnation of the manufacture and abuse of paper credit. The neutral countries do not like the look of this excessive production of inconvertible paper, and their suspicions take the shape of a refusal to exchange their own currency for it except at a rate much higher than its face value. They want half as much again in German paper, as a kind of insurance against risks; and as the mark falls it tells a tale of increasing risks and a higher premium. In some quarters it has been argued that the fall in exchange is the result of Germany's inability to manufacture goods for export on account of a shortage of labor. This does not agree with the stories of unemployment; but even if the military drain upon her industrial manhood has put an effective check on production, and the output of the manufactories has consequently shrunk to next to nothing, the adverse balance of trade thus created would not of itself be enough to account for the demoralization of the mark. The true reason for this is the one already given: that German paper is not believed to be worth what it stands for, and can be exchanged into neutral money only on terms which imply scepticism with regard to Germany's credit.

This distrust is intensified by general economic conditions, such as the revenue position and prospects, the growth of the imperial debt, the burden of heavy taxation, the paralysis of foreign trade, the price of food, and the suspension, on a large scale, of industrial activity. In order to see these in their proper light, it is desirable to recall the fact that the financial situation was causing a good deal of anxiety in Germany before the war. For some years she was carried away by a feverish spirit of trade ambition. Nearly 1,000,000,000 marks were spent on developing her colonies; strenuous efforts, aided by State subsidies, were made to capture

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business all over the world; and national credit was organized on a scale commensurate with these grandiose enterprises. It became increasingly evident to the more conservative financiers of the Empire that the pace had been too hot. The commercial results could not keep up with the terrific rate of expenditure. In 1909 it became necessary to increase the revenue by imposing 500,000,000 marks of additional taxation, and still the budget did not balance. Four years later the exacting requirements under the army bills made it necessary by means of the "*Wehrbeitrag*" to tax wealth, both capital and income, and also to make a special non-recurrent appropriation of huge amounts for military preparations. There is evidence to show that the financial position was officially regarded, even then, with considerable uneasiness. A post-haste trade expansion and the creation of new battalions, if carried on simultaneously are enough to beggar the richest country; and the rumblings of discontent, in spite of repressive measures, were audible in the early part of 1914. It would not be possible perhaps to demonstrate the existence of a direct connection between this state of things and the determination to force war upon Europe a few months later, but such a connection has been alleged, and it is not improbable that disaffection and anxiety at home made a sudden attack, with the hope of getting rich indemnities, the only way of escape from threatening financial disaster. The hope of obtaining indemnities—although Dr. Helfferich still professes to count on them—has already faded into nothingness, and the clouds of oncoming bankruptcy loom, therefore, blacker than ever.

For the first eighteen months of the war no new taxation was asked for, and the war costs were raised by long-running loans and Treasury bills, together, aggregating 40,000,000,000 marks. Now, however, the area of personal pressure must begin. Dr. Helfferich has sounded the warning note that for 1916-1917 there will have to be "a colossal burden of taxation." This is rendered all the more serious because a new loan is imminent, with its additional obligations of interest.

Germany's imports of raw materials for her industries have been seriously interfered with by the blockade; her export trade outside the ring of her own allies and neighbors has practically vanished; she is therefore deriving next to no revenue from her customs, and her manufacturers

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have but a very limited market for their exports. This means a huge financial loss. On the one side, there is a diminishing revenue and a greatly reduced production, and on the other, the vast and ever-growing expenditure. Chiefly because Germany has been secretly preparing for years, and had vast stores of war material ready for use, her expenditure so far has not been as great as that of the Entente Powers; but, in the words of Mercutio, " 'tis enough, 'twill serve." Four war credits of 10,000,000,000 marks each have been voted by the Reichstag; there is a war debt, funded and floating, of over 40,000,000,000 marks, the interest and redemption of which requires at least 2,000,000,000 marks yearly. Such liabilities can be met only by heavily taxing a people already harassed by diminishing incomes and the higher cost of living. A decrease of thirty-three per cent. in production, which is admitted (it is probably much greater), cannot have taken place without leaving its traces upon the middle classes, and a rise of eighty-three per cent. in food prices has made conditions intolerable for the poor. Nor are the war expenditure and the necessity for loans by any means at an end. The *Berliner Post* should be an impartial authority on this subject. It says: " Without war damages, we shall have to reckon upon our increase in yearly taxation of at least 4,000,000,000 marks," and goes on to describe the prospect as " something terrifying." Germany, threatened with commercial ruin, and already discussing the necessity of abandoning her system of import duties after the war, in order to cheapen raw materials and give her industries a chance, will thus have to raise an enormous revenue from an exhausted people. And this is altogether apart from the compensation which, if the Allies are victorious, she will have to pay to France and Belgium.

The fall in German exports, the absolute idleness of the German mercantile marine, and the rumors of bank failures, are all indications of organic trouble. The loss of by far the greater part of an export trade that had grown to about 10,000,000,000 marks a year cannot be dismissed as of little consequence. It is, of course, open to anyone to say that as the imports have been so greatly diminished, there is less need of exports to pay for them. But the loss of imports, which, owing to the active assistance of neutral countries, has probably been less in volume than was supposed, is more serious in quality because it is largely concerned with raw

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materials essential to German production. Bearing in mind this deprivation of raw materials, also the fact that Germany has to pay some thirty per cent. more for what imports she gets, owing to the depreciations of her currency (or else part with her gold), any false consolation that might have been sought in the disappearance of her export trade vanishes into thin air.

Further, one has only to look at the mercantile shipping question in order to get another measure of Germany's sorry plight. Two years ago her fleet of merchantmen ranked second in the world in tonnage. To-day it is useless, unable to come out of its own docks or the neutral harbors in which it is interned. Not so long ago a great German steamship company obtained State permission for the suppression of its balance sheet for 1915. It needs no supernatural penetration to discern the cause of this, particularly as the permission was said to be given "in the interests of German shipping and public order." This can only mean that the complete cessation of goods and passenger traffic since August, 1914 (officially acknowledged by the company itself nearly a year ago) has resulted in its virtual bankruptcy. Both this company and another company were lavishly subsidized by the Government in their bold bid for ocean supremacy, and in these favorable conditions they achieved financial results that filled the shareholders with confidence and hope. For the past two years the fleets have been unable to earn a pfennig, and their maintenance in port has been a heavy drain upon their owners. Nothing shows the disastrous state of Germany's sea transport business in a more vivid light than this hiding from its own shareholders of the bookkeeping secrets of one of her greatest companies. The balance sheet, if published, would be a damning advertisement of the absolute ineffectiveness of the German Navy to protect its own transoceanic business.

A sidelight is thrown upon the manufacturing conditions in Germany by the official statistics of the coal output. Notwithstanding the employment of prisoners of war as miners, the output is steadily diminishing. The production in the mines of one syndicate fell from 205,000 tons daily last summer to 180,000 tons daily the following December.

There is a strong probability—it need not be put higher than that—that Germany has already disposed of most of

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her negotiable foreign securities. Dr. Helfferich has challenged a statement to this effect, and although he is a banker and a man whose word in ordinary circumstances would be taken, yet his denial, being intended for neutral consumption, is under some suspicion. It is well known that for some weeks before the war was declared, very heavy selling took place on the London Stock Exchange of foreign securities on behalf of German holders. There was a double significance in this: it showed that the fatal decision had already been arrived at in Berlin, and it also indicated a scampering anxiety to realize in view of eventualities. Since then, there has been further and persistent selling through neutral countries. The total amount of securities thus disposed of is a subject of conjecture, but whatever it may be, they are no longer available for the purpose of raising fresh war funds. Apart from her holding of foreign negotiable instruments, Germany had large commercial investments in Austria, Turkey and Italy. Those in the last-named country must be considered dormant until the close of the war, and with regard to those in the other two, it looks as if they would eventually be hardly worth the documents in which they are registered. The financial position of Austro-Hungary is even worse—much worse—than that of Germany; and Turkey, having exhausted her own resources, has to depend on Germany for the means wherewith to carry on her catspaw work. Both the Dual Kingdom and the Ottoman Empire are hopelessly bankrupt, and the £100,000,000 lent to the latter, nominally by a syndicate of German banks, does not appear to be a very promising asset. One result of the Balkan Wars was to reduce greatly Turkey's European territory, together with the revenues derivable therefrom; and no settlement has ever been arrived at for distributing the liability for interest on the foreign debt. Everything, in fact, is in confusion, and the only thing that stands out clearly is that after the war, Turkey will be without resources upon which to establish a commercial recovery, Germany will be standing on Turkey's doorstep demanding payment in cash or concessions, and the Western Powers, after the ingratitude with which Turkey has repaid their repeated help, are not likely to lend their aid for the sake of bolstering up any longer an effete and rotten barbarism.

Germany, in any case, has come appreciably nearer to the end of her realizable assets outside her own Empire. She

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has, in addition, lost all her colonies but East Africa, just when one or two of them were becoming profitable and were remitting trade balances to Europe. She is thrown back on her internal wealth for the prolongation of the war. Paper, as has already been said, can be made to fulfill all the duties of a cash currency, but it cannot create a wealth that does not exist, or multiply that which does. The national income of Germany before the war has been estimated at about 42,000,000,000 marks by Dr. Helfferich, and at 30,000,000,000 marks by M. Risser. Suppose we take it at the mean figure of 36,000,000,000 marks. How has this been affected by the war? Production, it is admitted, is at least a third less, hundreds of factories are shut up, the export trade is virtually dead, interest on foreign securities is greatly diminished, all kinds of property are depreciating, home securities are depressed and in many cases pay no dividends, and the much-vaunted commercial banks have most of their capital locked up in home and foreign ventures, many of which are, at any rate, temporarily at a standstill. When the time arrives for another big German War Loan, the wizards of finance will in these conditions be at their wits' ends to known what incantations to use, what magic spells to weave, in order to squeeze real money out of the German people. The game of bluff cannot go on forever. Even Dr. Helfferich, past master though he is in the art of making the worse appear the better cause, will find his task becoming more and more difficult, and his own countrymen less and less credulous and accommodating. No one can bring into judicial and dispassionate review the financial conditions of Germany without being forced to apply to that misguided country the Hebrew sentence which Dr. Helfferich, in an outburst of rhetoric, recently applied to Great Britain: "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin.*"

H. J. Jennings.

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THE FORCES BEHIND THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Two events drew the eyes of the whole world toward Russia in the early days of June: the tragic death of Lord Kitchener on his way thither, at the instance, we are told, of the Russian Emperor; and the brilliant victories of General Alexei Brusiloff, heralded as the beginning of the great Russian offensive.

To England's great warrior one may adapt the words of Southey concerning an earlier hero: "If the chariot and horses of fire had been vouchsafed for his translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory." Alone in England Kitchener foresaw the length and the severity of the war; he alone had the courage to ask for enormous sacrifices; he alone could have completed the great work of preparation.

As for General Brusiloff's victory, his daily average in captures, for the first weeks of June, was 7,000 Teutons with 120 officers, 20 guns, 30 machine guns and a dozen trench mortars; he had carried the forts of Dubno and Lutsk by storm, and driven the Teutons back some twenty or thirty miles. If we contrast this with the results of the German offensive before the not dissimilar fortress of Verdun, not in seven days, but in seven weeks, we shall have a fair measure of the magnitude and brilliance of General Brusiloff's achievement. And it must not be forgotten that 120,000 in two weeks is the measure, not of the Teuton losses, but of loss in prisoners alone. Adding killed and wounded, the total must be three times as great; practically the equivalent of eight army corps. But the deeper significance lies in the material taken: guns, bomb-throwers, machine-guns, trench-mortars, searchlights, gas-generators, telephones—the whole

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defensive apparatus of modern trench warfare. It means this: that General Brusiloff has discovered the secret for which the Crown Prince of Germany is vainly seeking before Verdun, the secret of smashing a way through the marvellous modern system of defense. We have been told that the Teutons, calling all available forces to the Meuse and the Adige, have left only a curtain of troops opposed to the Russians. General Brusiloff has already torn a great rent in the curtain; there is no inherent military reason why he should not rip it into shreds, reversing the really brilliant achievement of General Mackensen last April and May.

General Brusiloff was one of the few men in Russia firmly convinced that the war must come, and come soon. In 1911, he was Corps Commander at Lublin, and while there laid enormous stress on aeroplane scouting, so that it was no uncommon thing to see half-a-dozen airmen soaring above the town. Then his high attainments led to his transfer to Warsaw, as the danger center, but, after a few months' service with the high command there, he was transferred, at his own request, to Vinnitza, close to the northeastern end of Galicia. The reason for this request was that he felt convinced that war was coming, and he foresaw that, just at this point, Russia could make the quickest, most effective thrust at the Teutonic forces. The war came, and within a few days, General Brusiloff and General Ruzsky were across the frontier; and, while the equally rapid advance of General Samsonoff and General Rennenkampf, in the north, met with disaster, Ruzsky and Brusiloff gained striking successes, carrying their armies forward to the passes of the Carpathians. General Brusiloff is one of the few generals of the Allies who, for a full year, was continuously on enemy soil. He never lost a battle, and, when the dire failure of ammunition forced the retirement of the Russian armies and brought about the loss of Warsaw, it is on record that not for an hour did Brusiloff lose his serenity and faith. But he is determined now to win back every foot of land then lost—and more—and the spirit of the man is expressed in his recently reported words, as he sent the correspondents to the rear: "You will learn of the Russian advances from the Austrian bulletins."

General Brusiloff is a master of military science who has learned all that can be learned from his allies and his enemies. He has taken part, many times, in the grand

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manœuvers on the plains of France, where stern battle now rages; he has stood beside the German Emperor and watched the spectacular development of immense cavalry charges. And, before the war, he practised ceaselessly the handling of the largest bodies of troops, in those great Russian manœuvers into which he put much of the rigor of war. It was noted, in these contests among the Russian fields and forests, that General Brusiloff always seemed to know what his opponent had in mind to do, and took the needed measures to turn his flank—an art he has not lost in real war.

It must not be supposed that General Brusiloff's victories are a mere stroke of luck, or that he has not the determination and the material resources to carry the matter through, or that all the resources of the nation are concentrated in his hands, great general and greatly trusted though he is. The Russian drive begins at the south, simply because, with coming Spring, that was the end to melt first, to dry first, leaving open roads—roads which, by the way, up to the frontiers of Hungary, General Brusiloff has trodden already, with a victorious army. There are competent commanders along the whole Russian line: General Evert, who holds the center, did splendidly in the withdrawal from Warsaw to the present base; and, on the northern, the Riga-Dwinsk front, our old friend, General Kuropatkin, has already done excellent work, both offensive and defensive, in the last two months. Behind these three battle-commanders, General Alexeieff holds the chief command under the Emperor, and correlates their efforts and advance.

It is clear that Russia is at last bringing her immense and unspoiled resources to bear. This is only the beginning. On August 4, 1914, Herr von Jagow, the Secretary of State, a German diplomatist who can tell the truth, said to the British Ambassador at Berlin, that the Germans had violated Belgian neutrality because they had to advance into France by the easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death for them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads, and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition entailing great loss of time. This delay would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier. Rapid-

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ity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was an inexhaustible supply of troops. The British Ambassador replied that, if it was a matter of life and death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate Belgium's neutrality, it was a matter of life and death for the honor of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked. But the point is that Herr von Jagow is astute enough to realize now, after two years, that Germany has played her "great asset," and lost; the violation of Belgium has availed her nothing, for she is still beating her life out against those same fortresses; but Russia is at last beginning to play her great asset, with a high hope and faith that she will win.

The strength of Russia's asset we may make evident thus: With a very homogeneous population rapidly approaching 200,000,000 and with the highest birthrate among white nations, Russia has from year to year produced about three times as many young men of military age as she was able to train, even with her vast armies. Something over a million and a quarter young men come to military age—twenty-one—each year. And this does not include the Cossacks of the South, who have their own hereditary military system and are trained in arms and horsemanship from boyhood. Of this million and a quarter of young Russians, only 450,000 are, in normal years, called to the colors for three years' military training. This means, of course, that, in time of peace, there are three of these yearly "classes" with the colors, a total of 1,350,000 men, still excluding the very effective Cossack cavalry. There were at the same time, as we have seen, twice that number of young men not drafted, or given only an outline training; and as in Russia the men to serve are chosen by lot, the additional two-thirds are just as fine military material, once they are trained. This covers the Russian youth of 21, 22 and 23: counting, trained and untrained, over 4,000,000. Then there are the reserves; first the men from 23 to 39, who have had their full three years of training. If we suppose that a full third of these succumb to death or are otherwise unfit, we have 4,500,000 fully trained first reserves, in no case over 39, or, adding men up to 42, a full 5,000,000. And there are 10,000,000 more, of the same age, partially trained, but equally good material; equal in physique, in morale, in patriotism and devotion. This gives

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us a total of some 20,000,000; so that, if we take the extreme figure of 3,000,000 as representing Russia's losses in the first two years of the war, it is clear that she has still not less than 15,000,000 men to draw upon—men who make as fine soldiers as any in the world. Herr von Jagow was right: Russia's great asset is still to come. General Brusiloff will not fail for lack of men. And it must be remembered that, if the war continues for ten years more, Russia can, from her growing youth, put into the field a million and a quarter young men each year. Can her adversary do the same? This is one reason why Russia cannot be tempted, by arguments of vague sentimentalism which ignore the real moral issues, to make a premature and dangerous peace. Nor will any nation which seeks to induce her to do this secure thereby her friendship for the future.

Concerning material resources to support these vast armies, how does Russia stand? The whole world realizes now that the retreat of Russia's unbeaten armies, in the Spring and Summer of last year, was due to failure of ammunition. The Russian armies lacked cannon, machine-guns, rifles, ammunition. Against the greatest artillery attack the world has ever seen, they had only cold steel. This is the finest possible testimony to the dauntless courage of the Russian soldier—that, after three months, the army was intact, ready to occupy the strong line it has since held, and held with unshaken valor. Has she been able, in the year since Mackensen stormed the Dunayets and advanced through Galicia, to make up her deficiency?

During this year Russia has drawn enormous supplies from four separate sources: from her Allies, and, in particular, from England, through the White Sea; from Japan, along the line of the Siberian railroad; from the United States, both by the White Sea and by Vladivostok; and, finally, from her own arsenals and factories, as a result of the great movement called "the mobilization of the Russian people." To speak only of the fourth source, Russia has, in the valley of the Donets—which joins the Don and flows into the Sea of Azov, a "black country" abundantly supplied with iron and coal. This region produces 3,500,000 tons of steel annually; enough for cannon and shrapnel. Russia, like both England and France, miscalculated the length and rigor of the war, and, losing sight of the fact that ever new resources would be needed, sent her miners and

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metal-workers to the front. After long months, this initial mistake has been repaired and more than repaired. The metallurgists and miners are back at work in the Donets region, with many Belgian workmen—who will not fail in zeal—to help them. Workmen have been brought from China and Manchuria to supplement these Europeans. The Putiloff works at Petrograd have been rebuilt and enlarged and are turning out large supplies. As early as October, 1915, at the time of the great Champagne initiative, Russia was manufacturing four times as many shells as six months earlier; since then, the rate of output has steadily increased. And this not at one point alone. "All Russia," said Prince Lvoff, President of the Union of Zemstvos—local self-governments—"All Russia must become a military organization"; and his words have been vigorously applied. Every form of war material is being produced in huge quantities.

Yet the imports are exceedingly significant. For example, during the first four months of 1914 the port of Vladivostok imported 40,000 pounds of copper; during the same period of 1915 the amount had risen to 10,000,000 pounds.

One item also of Russia's financial resources: The exchange of the ruble stands low—because the closing of the Bosporus has kept Russia from sending her goods to market these two years—but home resources stand high. The Bank of Russia has, we are told, nearly a billion dollars in gold reserve; and, on the other hand, the wealth in Russian savings banks increases steadily and rapidly. Before the war the deposits in these savings banks rose by some 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 rubles a year; since the war the increase has been 50,000,000 a month; the single month of October, 1915, saw 73,000,000 rubles added to the savings of the Russian people. Since the war began these savings have increased by a billion and a quarter rubles.

These are but straws in the wind, mere surface indications of the enormous resources of the largest of the white nations, which has also by far the largest continuous territory; and whose resources, therefore, to use Herr von Jagow's word, are really "inexhaustible."

It was a commonplace of the Japanese war that Russia had splendid troops, very badly officered. The morale and physique of her troops remains excellent; indeed, owing to the nation-wide suppression of alcohol, both her physical and

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moral—and, as we have seen, financial—conditions are markedly better; but it can be said now with confidence that, with the exception of France, no belligerent on either side has produced so much military talent and of so high an order. We have already spoken of General Brusiloff—who holds the extraordinary record of having captured more than 500,000 enemy troops; of General Evert; of the veteran, General Kuropatkin, whose book on the Japanese war and the defects of the Russian army without doubt contributed to the removal of many of these defects; of General Michael Alexeieff, Commander in Chief under the Emperor; and it would be unjust not to mention two very remarkable men, who, under the general supervision of Grand Duke Nicholas, are fighting Russia's battles in Asia: General Baratoff, in Persia, who is now some fifty miles from Bagdad, and General Yudenitch, the conqueror of Erzerum and Trebizond.

A word, perhaps, may be said about the Grand Duke himself, who stands out as the most brilliant military figure of the whole war. We spoke, a little while ago, of General Ruzsky, who shared the first Galician offensive with General Brusiloff. This brilliant and tenacious soldier was compelled to withdraw, because of serious illness, a short time before Mackensen's great raid. He recovered, and again returned to the front, this time on the Riga-Dwinsk line; but, unhappily, a recurrence of the malady has caused his withdrawal once again. While the details are not known, it seems certain that something of the same nature befell Grand Duke Nicholas. When convalescent he was able to take up the duties of Viceroy of the Caucasus, traditionally the most honorable post in the Russian Empire, after the Emperor, and long held by the Grand Duke Michael, the Grand Old Man of Russia's imperial house, whose prestige hardly yielded to that of the Emperor himself. In large measure restored to health, Grand Duke Nicholas has been able to conceive and supervise the remarkable Eastern campaigns, choosing General Baratoff to lead the Russian forces in Persia, and General Yudenitch to conquer Turkish Armenia. Only in this section of the war-map does war retain its old-time mobility, if we except tropical Africa, where the numbers engaged are very small; and it is one of the wonders of the Grand Duke's plan, that he has been able so perfectly to co-ordinate the movements of half-a-dozen separate forces, operating hundreds of miles apart, amid huge moun-

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tains and barren wildernesses, among savage and hostile tribes; this, and the complete secrecy with which the Persian venture especially was shrouded; so that, until the capture of Sultanabad and Hamadan, we had hardly any inkling that events, which will be decisive for the future history of Western Asia, were in preparation. General Baratoff and his small force—he had hardly more than a division—were sent by way of the Caspian, which is practically a Russian lake, to Teheran; where the first need was to bring the Shah definitely to the Russian side, as against the intrigues of the German Minister, Prince Henry of Reuss, who had sought to gather a Moslem force for an attack on India. It is a part of the revenge of time that Russia, whose invasion of India was a traditional nightmare of an earlier generation of Englishmen, has, in fact, saved India from invasion. General Baratoff then worked westward, across the huge mountain-barrier which separates Persia from the Tigris and Euphrates valley, and it is probable that he will very shortly join hands with General Yudenitch, the victor at Erzerum. So that the conception and co-ordination of these brilliant Asiatic operations must be added to the already notable record of Grand Duke Nicholas.

At the head of all these men and forces stands the new War Minister, General Shuvaieff, who came to the War Ministry at Petrograd almost at the same time that General Roques took office as Minister of War in Paris.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE IRISH INSURRECTION

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

To bring the recent troubles in Ireland under a just focus one must go back a little distance. That, indeed, is the golden rule in all things Irish. There is hardly a problem of all the many problems that Ireland presents today, there is hardly a characteristic of her people, hardly anything can happen within her borders, which has not to be explained, which only, indeed, becomes intelligible, in the light of Anglo-Irish history. More than in any country I know of, the past in Ireland is the present and the present is the culmination of the unhappy legacy of the past. To elucidate what is, you must start with a working consciousness of what has been; and the philosophic historian would not, I imagine, have much difficulty in tracing back the origins of that convulsive week in April, 1916, to the first beginnings of Anglo-Irish relations.

But for my present purpose it will be enough if an attempt is made, very briefly, to review the decisive movements of Irish life and thought during the past decade and a half. For Ireland they have been years, first, of an unparalleled prosperity, secondly, of the development along many varied lines of a genuinely Irish spirit, and, thirdly, until the Home Rule question became once more acute, of an almost uniform tranquillity. It was not fanciful, still less was it fantastic, to speak of "the new Ireland" ten and even five years ago as a growing reality. The two measures that had done most to alter the social and political life of Ireland since the 'eighties were the Local Government Act and the Wyndham Land Purchase Act. The first tore from the upper classes, from the landlords and gentry, from the Ascendancy Party, their exclusive control of local administration. The second expropriated landlordism, brought within sight of a decisive and more or less harmonious finish the poisonous struggle

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for the land and set Ireland on the high road to becoming a nation of peasant proprietors. For seven centuries the land question had gathered to itself the fiercest animosities and passions of social, religious, political and economic antagonism. Its settlement in 1902 meant not only that Ireland was emerging from the more acute stage of agrarian unrest, but also that the fight for the soil was destined to lose most of its old class contentiousness and would soon cease to provide the motive power for political agitation. There was thus engendered a peace and a stability such as Ireland had never known, the landlords no longer living at war with tenants, but on terms of friendship with neighbors; and the former tenants, now the possessors of their holdings, no longer agitating for a reduction of rent or scheming to oust the owners of the soil, but turning their thoughts more and more steadily to the problems of practical agriculture.

But more remarkable even than this beneficent revolution was the manner in which it was brought about. It was brought about by landlords and tenants meeting at a round-table conference. And this conference and its success in settling what was by far the oldest and most contentious of Irish problems were no more than a token of a new spirit of practicality and a new sense of unity, nationality and interdependence that had been steadily permeating Irish affairs since the dying down of the passions aroused by the Parnellite split. There were still, it was true, two Irelands, or twenty. North and South, Protestant and Catholic, industry and agriculture, had not yet come together as fully and freely as they should have done. The feeling that all Irishmen were members of one nation was still faint and elusive. The memories of old struggles had not yet been wholly obliterated. The spirit of caste still obtained. The essentials of a prosperous national existence were still to be completely recognized. None the less it was safe five years ago to assert that the two previous decades had witnessed the growth of more interest among Irishmen in the practical problems of life and more co-operation among them in the solution of those problems than any previous period of Irish history.

If I had been asked, say in 1912, to summarize in general terms the chief characteristics of the "new Ireland," I should have said, first, that the Irish mind had taken a novel and most hopeful turn towards the concrete and the con-

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structive; secondly, that there was a greater realization than ever before that the regeneration of the country depended ultimately on the efforts of Irishmen in Ireland; thirdly, that there never was a time when more spheres of non-political and non-sectarian endeavor were open to Irishmen of all classes, creeds and parties; fourthly, that social, religious and political barriers were gradually breaking down, and Irishmen were working round to some conception of what nationality really is; and, fifthly, that the Irish people were slowly emancipating themselves from the tyranny of leagues and committees, and were beginning to think, speak and act for themselves in a new and salutary spirit of individualism—in other words, were developing a stronger character.

For the proofs to justify this diagnosis I should have pointed to the agricultural co-operative movement initiated and still directed by Sir Horace Plunkett—a movement that now embraces 100,000 farmers; to the Recess Committee which was composed of Irishmen of all ranks and faiths and political affiliations—of men, that is to say, who previously had barely conceived the possibility of their having anything in common—and which formulated a remarkable programme of material betterment; to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, a department which the people feel to be their own creation, which is popularly controlled, and which works with and through committees appointed by the County Councils; to the thoughts, care and money that had been lavished on the congested districts; to the many movements that were fostering an industrial revival; and above all, to the famous conference that settled the land question. I should have pointed also to much else—to the Gaelic League with its admirable propaganda for reviving the old Irish tongue, for promoting temperance, for educating the people in the broadest spirit of nationality, for building up a self-contained, all-embracing Irish Ireland; to the Sinn Féin movement which, whatever one might have thought of its political programme, did at least war on all the divisions that had kept Irishmen apart; to the stirrings of democracy in Ulster, the rise of a Labor party in Belfast, the revolt of the Young North against a barren sectarianism and against the aloofness of Protestantism from the main stream of Irish life; to the general attrition of interest in political agitation; to the advance which many Unionists, under one

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name or another, had made towards understanding and sympathizing with the Nationalist position; to the facility with which Mr. Birrell passed his University Bill; to the many thousands of non-political meetings which were being held in connection with the co-operative movement and the Gaelic League; and to all the opportunities for mutual association afforded by the workings of the Department of Agriculture and, in a lesser degree, by the administration of the Local Government Act.

What it came to was that there was a slow but steady approximation of all Irishmen towards a common point. The best Irish thought was turning inwards. It was moving away from London and fastening upon Ireland herself. There was a shifting of the center of interest and energy. Men were coming to realize more and more that the upbuilding of the Irish nation depended less on the passing or the repeal of laws at Westminster or on external assistance of any kind than on work in Ireland; that it was not in the House of Commons but in Ireland that the true current of national life flowed; and that even in the absence of Home Rule, Irishmen might still accomplish something useful for their common country. I must dwell on this a little more because nobody will understand the recent outbreak in Dublin who does not clearly grasp that it was directed as much against the Nationalist Party as against Great Britain. It was one of the most marked characteristics of the "new Ireland" that it betrayed a very general disenchantment with the personnel and policy of the Nationalist Party. That was not due to any real waning of Nationalist sentiment. Nor was it due merely to the absence of a strong and commanding leader in the Party itself, or to the fact that the peasant, having satisfied his historic passion for ownership, believed that he had received from agitation all that it was capable of yielding. It was due above everything else to the folly and myopia that had insensibly separated the Party from the most vigorous thought of the country. My complaint as an Englishman and a Home Ruler against the Nationalists was not that they were Anti-British, but that they were not sufficiently pro-Irish, and had never risen above a purely political view of nationality. The new Ireland had come into existence in spite of them, without their collective assistance and often in the face of their collective hostility. Not one of the vital movements of regeneration I have touched

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upon owed anything to the Party as a Party. They were the product of a spirit and an atmosphere that the official exponents of Irish Nationalism had failed or had not tried to comprehend.

The new Ireland was beginning to think and inquire; the Party insisted on manufacturing its public opinion and did what it could by gasconading resolutions and systematic thimble-rigging to stifle private thought. The Party, again, always confounded nationality with politics, and dubbed as anti-national those who did not subscribe to its own political formulae and organization. The new Ireland relegated politics to a secondary place, worked for a union of all classes, creeds and parties, and welcomed everything from whatever source that contributed to Irish well-being. The Irish Party had long acted on the principle that the salvation of Ireland was to be wrought by speeches and manoeuvres in the House of Commons; it had neglected the intellectual, moral and in large part the economic progress of the country in order to devote its exclusive power to the constitutional panacea; it had denied that Ireland could be prosperous without Home Rule, and it had opposed and condemned nearly every effort to make her prosperous as an act of treason to the national cause. The new Ireland, on the other hand, relied for the upbuilding of the country and its people upon the practical work of Irishmen in Ireland, scouted the notion that the Irish question was a question of politics merely, and insisted that the task of betterment should no longer be postponed until an Irish Parliament was able to take it in hand. There had thus been propagated a subtle but unmistakable opposition of aims and ideals between the most stalwart leaders of the people in Ireland and their Parliamentary representatives.

The political party that most clearly reflected this opposition was the Sinn Féin Party. There is no need to discuss its policy of withdrawing the Irish members from Westminster, of boycotting the agencies of British rule, and of erecting out of hand an Irish government in Dublin. The important thing about the Sinn Féiners was the spirit that animated them and the arguments they relied upon in advocating their programme. Parliamentarianism, they said, acted upon the national energies like a soporific. The people quickly came to think they had done all that could be expected of them when they had elected a certain number of

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Home Rulers to act for them at Westminster. No tangible sacrifice of any kind was asked of them; all sense of personal responsibility and initiative was destroyed; and the political contribution of "the people" to the cause of Home Rule took the form of shouting and passing unbridled resolutions and waiting for results which they did next to nothing towards producing. As against this, the Sinn Féiners appealed directly to the individual citizen. Their aim was a bilingual, self-sufficing, wholly Irish Ireland, created and supported by the sacrifices, the individual exertions, and the ordered unity of the people themselves. This, too, was the aim of the Gaelic League. Indeed all the movements I have mentioned worked, consciously or otherwise, towards one comprehensive end—an Irish Ireland. Whether their immediate aim was that of strengthening the national will or awakening the national soul or of stiffening the national backbone, all proceeded upon the formula that the salvation of Ireland must be sought and achieved by Irishmen on Irish soil. All in their different ways set forth an ideal of nationality that overrode parties, creeds and sections. All inculcated self-reliance as the primal need. All discouraged that fatal Irish habit, of all the fruits of misgovernment the most poisonous and paralyzing, of throwing upon anybody and everybody but themselves the responsibility for their moral or material shortcomings. To encourage and find or force an outlet for the native instincts and genius of the people, to save them from Anglicization, and to lead them back to the well-head of the old Irish language, arts and recreations, were the objects of the Gaelic League. To make the Irish politically virile, united and constructive was the essence of Sinn Féinism. To promote Irish industries and equip the peasant for the realities of a competitive agricultural existence were the more prosaic aims of the industrial revival and of the co-operative movement. At first sight, they might not seem to have had much in common; in reality, they had everything. They all made for initiative and self-dependence, and intensified the sense of an upbuilding nationality. And they proceeded side by side with an interesting and even brilliant outburst of Irish letters, drama and art and with a rapid advance of prosperity among the newly-made peasant proprietors.

It was on this Ireland, so full of life and hope and promise, that the British Government in 1912 exploded the third

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Home Rule Bill. In an instant the old enmities between North and South flared up again. It was an ingenious and complicated measure that was accepted by the Nationalists both in Parliament and in Ireland as a sufficient satisfaction of their demands, but that Ulster from the beginning would have none of. The Sinn Féiners and the Gaelic Leaguers were almost equally opposed to it because of the manifold limitations it imposed on the freedom of the Irish Parliament. Their able pens pretty well tore it to pieces as a sham and an insult; and I personally should be the last to pretend that the Government rose to the full height of their opportunity or that they drafted a Constitution for Ireland in the same lofty and spacious spirit of statesmanship that they had displayed a few years earlier in their dealings with South Africa. Still, with all its shortcomings, the Bill did set up an Irish Parliament with an executive responsible to it; and as such the Irish masses and the Irish Party acquiesced in it as an adequate settlement of their historic claim.

I need do no more than remind my readers how the grim and stubborn men of Ulster organized themselves against it under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson; how they made without the least attempt at concealment every preparation for resisting it; how they drew up a scheme of a provisional government to be established in Ulster the moment a Dublin Parliament became a reality; how they imported arms in open defiance of law and authority; and how when the Government made a move as though to restrain them it was frustrated by something that came near to being a distinct refusal of the Army to obey the civil power. That crucial moment when the Carsonites smuggled in their rifles and cartridges and when the Government flinched from the task of suppressing them and allowed an armed force to be raised and drilled and equipped with impunity, was a turning point in latter-day Irish history. The Nationalists were not slow to follow the Ulster lead and to trade on the weakness and timidity of the executive. They, too, began to arm; and in a very few months there were probably in Ireland not less than 250,000 men marching, manoeuvring, learning the elements of the military trade with weapons in their hands. It is very well worth recalling that on the Nationalist side the movement sprang up without the prompting, and indeed in distinct opposition to the wishes of the Irish Party, and that it was only by stretching his authority to the utmost that Mr.

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Redmond was able to secure control of the National Volunteers, and that his success, such as it was, led almost at once to the secession of the bolder spirits and their reorganization under another name. Blood meanwhile had been shed in an attempt by the police to interfere with a Nationalist gun-running plot; Dublin was convulsed by a strike that lasted for many months, involved many riots, and cost many lives; step by step, to a gathering tumult on both sides of the Irish Channel, the Home Rule Bill drew nearer to the Statute Book and Ireland drew nearer to civil war; the last effort to reach a peaceable agreement by a round-table conference at Buckingham Palace had broken down; and all men were preparing to see one more tragic page written in red on the book of Irish history when—the great war broke out.

That measureless catastrophe shocked and sobered Ireland into an immediate truce. More than that, it gave Mr. Redmond an opportunity for rallying Nationalist Ireland to the Imperial cause. He did not hesitate a moment in saying that this was Ireland's war as much as and as well as England's and that the change in British sentiment and policy towards Ireland had thrown upon Irishmen "a great duty towards the British Empire." Undeterred by the execrations of the Nationalist extremists and by the doubts of the Ulster Unionists, who were firmly convinced that all Nationalists were "disloyal," Mr. Redmond organized a great recruiting campaign in Ireland itself. It was a bold and statesmanlike step and it would have met with better results had the British War Office given him a free hand. But the officials in Whitehall were quite sure they knew more about Ireland than Mr. Redmond. They missed accordingly nearly every opening he gave them, and implored them to grasp, for appealing to Irish sentiment. They went their own way, muddling, interfering, disregarding his advice, committing almost all the imbecilities one would expect from English officialdom in its dealings with Ireland, and committing them, of course, with the best of intentions, in a spirit of genuine gratitude for Ireland's and Mr. Redmond's attitude, and with nothing in their foolish minds except the desire to help them. If I were ever in need of any further arguments to support Home Rule or to strengthen my conviction that the English are temperamentally inhibited from doing in Ireland the right thing in the right way and at the right moment, I should point simply to the record of the War

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Office in the matter of Irish recruiting during the first year of the war. But Mr. Redmond had other difficulties besides those superfluously piled in his path by British officialdom. He was in the extraordinary position of explaining to his countrymen that England's danger was not, as they had always and instinctively thought it, Ireland's opportunity, and that it was the duty of Irishmen to rush into a world-conflict that seemed absolutely remote from all Irish interests and to rush into it on the same side as and in the warmest sympathy with—England! Many Nationalists must indeed have thought that the world had turned upside down when they listened to such an appeal from their chosen leader. But Mr. Redmond was able to carry the great bulk of his people with him. He could point triumphantly to the fact that Home Rule was at length on the statute book. He could rehearse the many and sincere efforts which British statesmen in the past thirty years, under the prompting and often under the compulsion of the Nationalist Party, have made to repair the ravages of centuries. He could appeal to the old fighting spirit of the Irish people. He could make, and he did make, effective use of the object-lesson furnished to small and Catholic Ireland by small and Catholic Belguim. The right of little nations to live their own life is an issue to which Irishmen can never be indifferent; and they responded to Mr. Redmond's call I will not say enthusiastically, but certainly with a far greater readiness and self-sacrifice than any Englishmen who knew anything of Irish history could have expected. Between North and South all antagonisms were merged in a friendly rivalry to see which could do the most for the common cause. Between the English and the Irish enmity had long been dead, and in its place, on the English side at any rate, there developed a genuine warmth of affection as the valor of the new Irish regiments reburnished an ancient scroll of heroism, and when Mr. Redmond, speaking in the House of Commons, pledged anew his country's loyalty to the Allies, declared that a premature and inconclusive peace would be regarded by his people "as a gross and criminal betrayal of the living and the dead," and affirmed that, however long the war might last and whatever sacrifices it might entail, the Allies and the British Empire could count upon Ireland to the end.

But there was one group that listened to Mr. Redmond's protestations only to deride them and that thwarted to the

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utmost of its ability his efforts to raise recruits. The Sinn Féiners wavered not one jot in their fixed idea that England was the enemy and that for Irishmen the only policy was to hamper her in the prosecution of the war by every means in their power. They were supported in this attitude by whatever was left of the old Fenian element, and in Dublin they received a very considerable backing from the Syndicalist leaders of the working men who had conducted the great strike of 1913, had been worsted in it, and were eager for reprisals. Time and again in Irish History a European War has been the signal for an Irish rising; and to the young and ardent generation of "Irish Irelanders" the signal was not flown in vain. Perhaps there never was a time when Ireland was fuller of keen-witted, idealistic men who were more conscious of a distinctively Irish nationality, in whom racial egotism had been more developed, or who had so thoroughly soaked their minds and beings in the tangled and mournful tale of Irish history. These were the men who had been the backbone of the Sinn Féin movement, of the Gaelic League, of the National Volunteers who were formed in reply to Sir Edward Carson's "Army," and of that section of them who broke away when Mr. Redmond insisted on their organization being brought under his official control; and they were now finding in the industrial preachers of "direct action" a new and violent ally. That these various elements meditated an outbreak from the first days of the war is unlikely, but they lost no time in showing that they were determined, if they could, to prevent Ireland from contributing to the British cause. By meetings and through their own journals, by pamphlet, leaflet and poster, by personal canvassing and parades, they carried on an incessant propaganda against recruiting. Some of their papers were suppressed, one or two of the most active and seditious agitators were arrested, but on the whole the authorities did nothing to stop their campaign. Soon the drillings and marchings were publicly resumed and still officialdom looked on. What else could it do? It had declined the challenge flung in its face by Sir Edward Carson; it had been equally supine before the menace of the National Volunteers; by what possible code of logic could it now interfere and attempt to disarm the new revolutionaries? It held its hand, hoping that the storm would never burst, and fearful of provoking an outbreak that might set all Nationalist Ireland ablaze and

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undo Mr. Redmond's healing work. Mr. Redmond himself never thought the agitation dangerous and his advice had naturally the greatest weight with the Government.

But events played into the hands of the Sinn Féiners. Home Rule was on the Statute Book, but doubts began rapidly to accumulate as to whether it would ever be enforced. Those doubts were enormously strengthened when the Coalition Government was formed and Sir Edward Carson was included in it. The prolongation of the war, the tremendous exhibition of strength which Germany was displaying, the many blunders and miscalculations of British strategy, helped, too, to create uncertainty in the Irish mind as to the ultimate outcome. Besides this the hotly pressed demand for compulsory military service in Great Britain raised a fear that it would be applied to rural Ireland. Moreover the seed sown by the Carsonites and watered by the Government had brought forth its inevitable fruit. Authority and the spirit of authority had been so weakened that almost any excess seemed feasible. When armed bands could parade the streets of the Irish capital without molestation it seemed a fair inference that the executive was too nerveless to resist or punish any insult. Ireland, too, while not the scene of hostilities, had been preyed upon by many rumors of German landings, of German submarine bases, of mysterious boats and hidden petrol stores. The influence of the more vehement Irish-Americans would undoubtedly be on the side of striking a blow, and there seems little reason to question that German intrigue and German money likewise played their part. The plan apparently was for a rising to take place while German arms were being landed on the west coast of Ireland and German battle cruisers were raiding the east coast of England and German Zeppelins were still further distracting British attention. We know that the programme was attempted, that it was partly carried out and that it failed chiefly because of the vigilance of the Navy in capturing Sir Roger Casement. It never had any real chance of success, but in a time of excitement and to a mind bent on a revolutionary coup no odds are hopeless.

It was thus, as near as I can make out, that the Dublin insurrection of April 24 occurred. It was a bloody and brutal business of house-to-house fighting. Policemen and sentries on duty at Dublin Castle were shot dead without a word of warning. Wounded Irish soldiers from the front

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were killed without mercy. Loyal volunteers returning from manoeuvres, unarmed officers and men of famous Irish regiments,—everybody, in fact, in khaki, whether Irish, English or Scotch,—were murdered in cold blood. It took nearly a week to smoke the rebels out and by that time 180 civilians had been killed and over 600 wounded; 124 soldiers were dead and nearly 400 injured; the finest street in Dublin was in ashes; 20 great business houses, 3 banks and dozens of offices and shops had been destroyed; and damage had been done to the extent of at least $20,000,000. In suppressing the revolt Irish regiments and Irish Volunteers played an extremely active and eager part, and their efforts were warmly seconded and applauded by the Irish citizens of Dublin. "There is no Irish rebellion," exclaimed Mr. Birrell on May 3, while Mr. Redmond spoke of the "feeling of detestation and horror" with which the Nationalist Party, and he believed, "the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland" had heard of the outbreak. The population of Dublin, said Mr. Dillon, were "the friends and loyal allies of the Government against the insurrection." All these statements were true. In the country generally there was but a feeble response to the lead of the capital. At Drogheda, one of the most Roman Catholic and Nationalist towns in Ireland, the National Volunteers turned out to stamp down the disturbance. There were small and isolated risings here and there but they were all quickly got under. Of insurrection on a national scale there was not the slightest trace; and the chief victims in Dublin, it is worth remembering, were Irish civilians, Irish soldiers and Irish property-holders. The rebellion was the work of a faction. It enlisted hardly any sympathy at all among the mass of the people. The most foolish and least justifiable of all Irish risings was also the weakest and the least supported.

Had it occurred at a time of peace I do not suppose that the Government would have thought it worth while to inflict the death penalty on its authors and instigators. But it occurred in a time of war, when the whole Empire is fighting with its back to the wall and when an Irish rebellion might make so heavy a draft on the military energies of the nation as to prejudice very seriously the chances of success in the main theatre. Therefore the authorities were right in crushing it with an unsparing hand. Can it be maintained that the execution of those who actually signed the proclama-

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tion of the Irish Republic and who actually commanded the rebels and were caught red-handed in their work of murder was not, in such an emergency and with such tremendous stakes at issue, an act of just retribution? Its justice seems to me to be beyond question. Over three hundred deaths lay at the door of those who planned the outbreak, and the fact that some of them were poets and dreamers, and youths of noble natures and shining promise does not alter the essential character of what they did. But the wisdom and the expediency of the measures taken by the Government after the rising was quelled, are more open to question. The better course would have been to have shown a magnanimous clemency, to have spared life rather than to have taken it, and to have cut down the arrests and deportations to a minimum. That course was not adopted and the danger is great that Irish sentiment, which at first was dead against the rebellion, may come round to making martyrs of the rebels.

But this amount of good at least has accrued—all parties both in England and in Ireland have been shocked by what has happened into seeking earnestly for ways to prevent its ever happening again. The Irish Government for the time being has ceased to exist; the Dublin Castle system has collapsed of its own accord; and, as I write, Mr. Lloyd George is busily negotiating with the Irish leaders for a lasting accommodation. The difficulties in his way are very great and not the least of them is that both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond are impotent beyond a certain point to bind their followers. Each is a greater power at Westminster than in Ireland and an arrangement satisfactory to them might easily be anything but satisfactory to their supporters. Ireland, indeed, is sick of politics and politicians and suspicious of any gift they bring. To set up a Home Rule Parliament at once, with Ulster excluded, is to vivisect that national sentiment of which all Irishmen are conscious. A provisional, makeshift Council, for the duration of the war, would be less spectacular, less appealing, but might, if it were wholly Irish and largely non-political, better square with the needs of the moment. The main thing is that the insurrection in Dublin has underscored once more the plainest of all the many lessons to be learned from Irish history—that Ireland will never be at peace and content until she controls her own government and her own destinies.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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THE STATESMANSHIP OF YUAN SHI KAI

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In China "man is a weed," said De Quincy. Even names swamp personality in being monosyllabic. We acknowledge gratitude to the Jesuits for Latinizing a few of them. Confucius and Mencius, at least, stand for realities. Thus the eel of memory, if not of science, may be held, for a moment, by the tail.

Yuan Shi Kai stands among the immortals, for his name is remembered. In 1884, when Li Hung Chang's personality was less slippery and more graspable to the Occidental consciousness than that associated with any other Chinese name, there emerged in Korea, then the storm center of Asiatic politics, a new planet in the system of which Li was the sun. So real a personage was this individual that even with pigtail and in petticoats, he was borne to court in a palanquin, while the other foreign envoys had to walk in the mud. This was Yuan Shi Kai. With condescension and only from a raised dais, he received the visiting representatives of sovereigns and republics. Lofty was his air, impressive were his mien and bearing and high-handed were his actions. Then, all political parties in this "little outpost state" were either pro-Japanese or pro-Chinese.

Yuan's spectacular vigor in asserting the age-old influence of Korea's former suzerain, as superior to any and all scraps of paper, provoked the Korean revolutionists, who had tasted the new Japanese wine of progress, to a *coup d'etat*. Their rocket-like government fell like a stick, within twenty-four hours, its fall hastened by Chinese interference and an armed collision between the soldiery led by Yuan and the little Japanese legation guard. Yuan had snuffed out the candle of progress. But, do revolutions ever go backward? One of many similar incidents told of Yuan, at this

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time, reveals his mental processes. He would not allow the American surgeon to amputate a soldier's arm, in order to save his life; for, " what good is a one-armed soldier? " he asked. One of his useless favorites, however, he pensioned.

In the bloody battle fought in the streets of Seoul, between five thousand Chinese and one hundred and twenty Japanese, four things were demonstrated: (1) the short life of any movement, even when called national, that did not have, as in the Japan of 1868, a century of previous intellectual preparation behind it; (2) the superb marksmanship of the Sendai deer-hunters, who wore the Mikado's uniform; (3) the excellence of American surgery; and (4) the fact that, apparently, Heaven is always on the side of the heaviest battalions, whether Napoleonic or Chinese.

Diplomacy, as represented by Li Hung Chang and the Marquis Ito, at Tientsin, patched up the international rent and the soldiers of both countries were withdrawn from Korea. In Japan the men of the growing party, not perhaps to be called " war," " jingo," or " irredenta," or " big " or " little " Nippon, but rather to be labeled " make-the-glory-of-Japan-shine-beyond-the-seas," politely sucked in their breath, and swallowed their pride, in order to digest it for future strength. Their real feelings and true answer, if these had been made directly to Li, are best expressed in the words of Charles Francis Adams to Earl Russell: " It is unnecessary to remind your lordship that this means war." In ten years Li was at Shimonoséki, begging for peace after defeat and pleading for limits to humiliatation and indemnity.

Our preface is long, but Korea introduced Yuan to both China and the world. He never traveled further, in language or land, and his course in the peninsula was both prophecy and miniature of his whole career. On June 7, 1916—to use our older Western phrase—he died with his boots on and his spurs strapped. He was a military man from his youth up, without knowing or wanting to know what a real republic was, nor did he ever give welcome to new ideas, except as these were based on force, which he himself could manipulate.

Yuan was born in 1858, the year of China's war with France and England. The son of a concubine, he, in adult life, knew not what monogamy was. In youth and stalwart manhood, this apostle of the strenous life was fond of guns

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and horses and made spectacular use of all those physical phenomena that so charm the small boy and the jingo in every land. Of large but never subtle brain power, and almost destitute of intuition, his mental vigor was never shown in mastery of the classics, or in minute apprehension or appreciation of the texts of Kung Fu Tsé, or Wang Yang Ming. If the philosophy of the latter is summed up in the dictum that true knowledge means action and demands that clear perception should be followed by duty (*exitus acta probat*), then Yuan was a Chinese pragmatist, excelling even the Japanese revolutionists of 1868, who were past masters of this same philosophy, which, in their tongue, is named *Oyoméi.*

Yuan passed rapidly up the ladder of office, into power, by stepping, at every opportunity, on the rungs of action. Li Hung Chang was his teacher and model. Yuan's preparedness for statesmanship consisted chiefly in storing up the fixed ammunition of Chinese rhetoric, which was almost German in its thoroughness and abundance. To his death hour, no mandarin or even emperor could excel him in official orthodoxy, in pious phrases, or even in that voluble and public confession of sin and unworthiness, which is one of the curiosities of Oriental state papers. In form, but not in essence, Yuan never rose above his Korean record and policy.

When, after having made Tientsin a modern city, he sent to the writer his photograph and sign manual, his verbal message with these amounted to this: "No flattery, only justice." Perhaps, in his dying moment, his final word to the world might be the same. He never professed to be a scholar, a man of letters, or a statesman with ideals.

Was Yuan a Mirabeau, a Cromwell, a Bismarck? Millions think him a Benedict Arnold. Historic analogies must not be pressed. External resemblances count for little; while any profound or subtle analysis of motives, except in the acknowledged form of conjecture, is worthless. Whether Imperial Resident in Korea, City Governor, Tao-Tai, of either Chili or Shantung, head of the Foreign Office, advocate and protector of the old dynasty, President of the Republic, restorer of the State religion, High Priest in the Temple of Heaven, restorer of Confucianism, or quasi-Emperor, Yuan was the same man—the re-incarnation of the typical mandarinism of Old China, never of the spirit of the New. He, the man, was ever faithful, secondarily, to master, sovereign,

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party, republic, or traditional Chinese ideas, but ever and always first to Yuan Shi Kai. With all his limitations, he believed in the China of his own mind—indestructible, unsinking, eternal. In his view, the Central Empire would hold to unity, perpetuate its life, weather all storms, and return to primitive ideals, as surely as the compass after all aberrations would tremble to the pole; and this faith he held because such a China was, on the whole, best for Yuan Shi Kai. To keep secure as long as possible his harem and his herd, his flocks and his possessions, his enjoyments of body and mind, the two, Yuan and China, must need be inseparable.

Yet expose the reality as we may, who will wish to minimize the vast service of such a man to China? In purely local matters, with ages of experience behind them, the Chinese are as fit for a republic as are New Englanders. No imperial dynasty has lasted over three centuries, because the Chinese love freedom too well. There never was any permanent nobility in China, and in the ninth generation even the descendants of imperial princes become commoners. The Manchu dynasty followed in the way of all others, because its time was up. It had to go.

Yuan—called, because he had manipulated the call, to guide a republic—was a man steeped in traditions of force and craft. As unalterably minded as a mandarin of the old school, he could see no ideals, but only the material bases of things. Hence he selected from foreign importations only what would help his own notions of things. In the Republic, he was confronted with parliamentarians overweighted with theory. Moreover, the men in the North and in the South of China are, in mind, almost as two races. We must remember that it took the United States a century of struggle and four years of colossal, bloody war to fuse sectionalism and unite the nation. To conciliate or unify, Yuan knew not compromise, but only the method of the shooting squad. Of the modern world's forces, he utilized only those that had visibility, such as finance, army, navy, railways, hygiene, the medical art and efficiency in administration, and these he used well.

Yuan's statesmanship, such as it was, served as corduroy for the swamp and bridges for the rivers, which China must pass, on the long road to central strength—which, from azure-robing distance, seems so short and easy to the men of books and letters. Amid colossal obstacles, he restored the

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financial credit of China and postponed that "break-up" which so many foreigners gleefully expected. He laid the foundations of a genuine army. He safeguarded, as far as he could, the country from aggression. His supreme idea for his country was freedom from alien conquest. The highest tribute to be paid to Yuan is this, that foreign Governments turned almost unanimously from trusting China to place their confidence in one man, Yuan.

In brief, while Yuan Shi Kai was the last man in China to satisfy, in his person and policy, either the unformulated cravings or the clearly seen ideals of the awakened Chinese nation, he was possibly the best one to serve as a stepping stone to higher things. That he saw the necessity of China's adopting the physical forces of the West, of modernizing her system of administration, of making herself strong to resist the ruthless inroads of foreign investors of "surplus capital," who were hand in glove with diplomatists, and that he restored the nation's financial credit, cannot be denied. That his modes of action were either frank, or noble, or commendable, cannot be affirmed.

There is hope for the Republic of China, not because, out of her communal civilization, China has yet produced a republican leader, in whom theory and experience balance, but because the Republic, in its babyhood, suffers from the accident of its birth out of due time. It lacked in intellectual ancestry and a pre-natal preparation. Its enlightened men of modern mind have been too sectional. Yet the elements of safeguarded freedom exist, and only leadership is needed.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

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THE PEACE PROBLEM

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE

It is inevitable that in times of stress and of trouble our usual sense of the relations of things should be impaired, if not wholly lost. The mind, burdened with the griefs as well as with the pressing problems of the moment, is disposed to think of the past only as a failure and to regard the temporary wreck of its hopes and aspirations as a finality. From the depressing clutch of a vision thus distorted it is not unprofitable now and then to disengage ourselves. Sooner or later, normal conditions will return; and although certain changes, the durability of which the future alone can determine, may then have taken place, we shall find ourselves dealing, not with a new heaven and a new earth, but with the same terrestrial globe and the same firmament, and with problems which, because they inhere in human activities, are as old as man himself.

Of these problems none is more fundamental than that which I have chosen as the subject of the present paper—the peace problem. It is fundamental because it involves life itself, the very existence of peoples and of states, and the preservation of those accumulated benefits of human thought, effort and experience, which, in their aggregate, we call civilization. And for the reason that the problem bears this character, for the reason that it touches all the springs of action and is as complex as human nature itself, I shall not undertake to offer here a new and ready solution of it. While the fakir who sold pills that were said to be good for the earthquake may have excited the applause and the patronage of his hearers, it is not related that he gained their permanent gratitude. In order that we may be sure of our remedy, or in order that we may at any rate avoid the dangers of a want of vigilance and of effort, it is necessary to

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know the nature of our malady and the precise forms of its manifestation. So, if we would find a remedy for war, we must understand its nature and symptoms. We must examine the conditions and impulses that produce it. To this preliminary but essential task I propose in the main to devote myself here, in the hope that its performance may contribute to the intelligent direction of our aims as well as to the cure of illusions and the prevention of mistakes.

The past three hundred years, to say nothing of earlier times, have not been wanting in plans for the preservation of peace, some of which have proceeded from men of great eminence. Sully, in his Memoirs, ascribes to Henry IV of France a "grand design" for the rearrangement of the states of Europe in such manner as to do away with jealousies and apprehensions regarding the balance of power. There were to be in all fifteen states, of which six—France, Denmark, Great Britain, Lombardy, Spain, and Sweden—were to be hereditary monarchies; five—the German Empire, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, and the Papacy—were to be elective monarchies; and four—Venice, and three others established respectively in Italy, Switzerland, and the Belgic provinces—were to be republics. For the regulation of the relations of the independent states thus formed, there was to be a general European council, modelled on the Amphictyonic, but to sit continuously and to consist of about seventy persons, of whom four were to be sent by each of the larger Powers and two by each of the lesser. There were also to be local councils, from which appeals might be taken to the general council, whose decrees were to be final. This project has often been described, not inappropriately, as a plan for the abasement of the House of Austria, and for this reason alone it could hardly be treated in its day as a practical measure.*

After more than a hundred years the scheme of federation was elaborated by the Abbé de St. Pierre, but with an animus less obviously partisan. The Christian sovereigns of Europe were to form a permanent union for the preservation of peace, and, after a certain number had entered, the rest were if necessary to be coerced into joining. Agreeing

* A comprehensive and highly philosophical discourse on the occasion and means of establishing peace and liberty of commerce by all the world may be found in "Le Nouveau Cynée" (Paris, 1623), by Emeric Crucé, a reprint of which, edited, with an English translation, by Thomas Willing Balch, Esq., was published in Philadelphia in 1909.

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to be content with the territory they severally possessed or with what was to be allotted by treaty, the members of the union were to establish through their representatives a Senate, which, besides codifying the laws of commerce, was to compose differences by mediation, or, if this failed, by arbitration. No sovereign was to take up arms, or commit hostilities, except against one who had been declared an enemy of the European society. Any sovereign taking up arms before the Union had declared war, or refusing to execute a regulation of the Union or a judgment of the Senate, was to be declared such an enemy, and the Union was then to make war upon him until he should be disarmed or until the regulation or judgment should be executed, in addition to which he was to pay the cost of the war and to lose any territory taken from him before the close of hostilities. When the forces of the Union were thus employed, each State was to furnish the same number of troops, but the expenses were to be paid by the more powerful sovereigns; nor was there, in time of peace, to be an inequality of forces, except that a powerful sovereign might, with the consent of the union, employ foreign troops for his garrisons, so as to prevent seditions. When the Union declared war against a sovereign, a generalissimo was to be named by a majority vote. It was further proposed that the European Union should endeavor to bring about the formation in Asia of a permanent society like that in Europe.

The well known plan of William Penn, though far less elaborate than that of the Abbé de St. Pierre, which it antedates, lays much stress on the judicial function of the central body, and embraces the idea of the association of forces for the purpose of compelling the submission of disputes and the performance of judgments. Nor can it be denied that Penn manifested a keen sense of the delicacy of the matter with which he was dealing, when he proposed that the room in which the central body or diet was to meet should be round, and should have several avenues of entrance and of exit, in order that quarrels as to precedence might be avoided.

A century later two great philosophers, Immanuel Kant and Jeremy Bentham, one German and the other English, who were destined to leave a deep impress upon the world's thought, applied themselves to the baffling problem on lines not identical but by no means divergent. They both recom-

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mended a limitation of armaments, but in the main relied upon the creation of a state of public right in the progressive development of which the desired consummation would be gradually attained. Bentham, with characteristic predilection for legal processes, particularly emphasized the importance of establishing a common judicature for the determination of international disputes, reasoning that, if such a tribunal existed, war would no longer follow from a difference of opinion, since the decision of the arbiters would "save the credit and the honor" of the contending parties. That this conception, which was by no means original with Bentham, is intrinsically valid, can hardly be questioned; for, not only has it inspired all intelligent and successful efforts to promote international arbitration, but its soundness has been exemplified in the actual settlement and termination of many grave and important controversies.

While enough has been disclosed to justify the conclusion that recent proposals for the preservation of peace by means of leagues or alliances contain little that is new, a cursory examination of the records of the past will also show that their principle has often received a practical application.

It was tried, with a considerable measure of success, in the Amphictyonic League among the states of ancient Greece. This league, whose objects were at first religious, then religious and political, and at last chiefly political, held, through its council, two meetings a year; and while the council did not perform the functions either of a national assembly or of a tribunal of arbitration, it acted as an organ of consultation, through which its constituents were enabled to act in concert for the preservation of peace. With the exception of the fact that it was a permanent body and held stated meetings, its functions were not unlike those that have been performed by the international congresses which have from time to time been held in Europe during the past three hundred years. These conferences have indeed more frequently been held for the restoration than for the preservation of peace; but, whether held before or after war, their chief object has been to establish a condition of things under which peace might be maintained. Especially has this been the case since the Congress of Westphalia, which finished its work in 1648. The international system established by this congress, in spite of the wars that super-

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vened, reached its formal end only with the peace of Amiens in 1802. It was eventually replaced with a new system, created at Paris and Vienna in 1914 and 1915, the dominant thought of which was the substitution of the principle of concert for that of the balance of power, on which, in spite of all efforts, the states of Europe have tended to range themselves and are now actually aligned.

In a work recently published, under the title of *The Confederation of Europe,* by Mr. W. A. Phillips, an eminent English historian, many interesting disclosures are made concerning the attempt, during and after the Napoleonic Wars, to found, under the auspices of certain Powers, what may be termed a league to enforce peace. The leader in this movement was the Emperor Alexander I of Russia, a deeply religious man with a tendency towards mysticism, who in his youth imbibed from his tutor, a Frenchman named Frédéric César de La Harpe, an exponent of the transcendental "philosophy of humanity," the ideas of liberty and equality of the French Revolution. In weighing the aspersions sometimes cast on Alexander's character and motives, it is well to bear in mind that the efforts to discredit his proposals were by no means always disinterested; that if, as the result of assassinations and other incidents, he eventually fell under reactionary influences, he only manifested a susceptibility from which no one is wholly exempt; and that, between malevolence and an obtrusive benevolence, the methods and results do not always enable us clearly to distinguish. Nor is it out of place to say that if, in the Holy Alliance and other acts which he promoted, he evidently regarded himself as a chosen instrument of God, he merely manifested a human tendency from which even elective rulers are not invariably exempt. It is indeed strange that one who has, whether by birth or by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, been elevated to a high station, should regard Providence as having had a hand in the work, and should think no worse of Providence or of himself on that account!

As early as 1804, Alexander, in secret instructions to his confidential agent in England, M. de Novosiltzoff, which were supplementary to those given to the Russian ambassador in London, proposed the "combination of the resources and forces of Russia and Great Britain," in order to constitute "a vast mass of power," with a view "to fix the future peace of Europe on a solid and permanent basis."

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Europe was to be reorganized; governments representing the wishes of the people were to be established; everywhere public institutions were to be "founded on the sacred rights of humanity," and were to breathe "the same spirit of wisdom and benevolence." Of the operation of such institutions order would be the necessary consequence. Moreover, the parties to the treaty by which the relations of the European states were to be defined were "never to begin a war until after exhausting every means of mediation by a third Power," and were also to adopt a code of international law which, if violated by any of the parties, would "bind the others to turn against the offender and make good the evil he has committed." Alexander even declared it to be desirable to arrive at an arrangement regarding Turkey "in conformity with the good of humanity and the precepts of sound policy"; and believing, as he said, that the peace of Europe could be preserved only "by means of a league, formed under the auspices of Russia and England," Powers which were interested in order and justice and would only by their union be able to maintain it, he even ventured to suggest that, with a view to further the great design, the British Government might "make some change in its maritime code," so as to conciliate the neutral Powers and do away with their distrust of British preponderance at sea.

This suggestion was not warmly received. Indeed, the Russian ambassador in London reported that England, in order to prevent the Mediterranean from becoming, according to the current phrase, a "French lake," felt it indispensable to keep Malta, the retention of which had caused the renewal of the war with France, and considered any alteration of her maritime code to be "equally out of the question." The cherished project, however, was not abandoned by its author. On the contrary, it was later symbolized by the Holy Alliance, which in terms bound the contracting parties to observe in their conduct the precepts of the Christian religion, and was essentially transfused into the Quadruple Alliance between Great Britain, Austria, Prussia and Russia, signed November 20, 1815, which, in order to "consolidate the connections which so closely united the four sovereigns for the happiness of the world," bound them (Article VI), "to renew their meetings at fixed periods," either personally or by their ministers for the purpose of "consulting upon their common interests," and of devising

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measures which should "be considered the most salutary for the repose and prosperity of nations, and for the maintenance of the peace of Europe."

Pursuant to this scheme, Alexander on October 18, 1818, presented to his allies at the conference at Aix-la-Chapelle a confidential memorandum, in which he proposed that, while the Quadruple Alliance should be preserved, all the signatories of the Congress of Vienna treaty should make a declaration putting the rights of nations under a guarantee analogous to that which protected individuals. Metternich on behalf of Austria hailed the memorandum with "diplomatic unction"; Prussia, apprehensive as to her new acquisitions on the Rhine, welcomed it. Great Britain opposed it, her spokesman, Lord Castlereagh, declaring that the blessings of perpetual peace would seem too dearly bought at the price of subjugating Europe to an international police, of which the armies of Russia would form the most powerful element, and that "a universal union, committed to common action under circumstances that could not be foreseen," so far from leading to disarmament, would leave the decisive voice to "the master of the biggest battalions." He avowed the belief that, until "a system of administering Europe by a general alliance of all its states" could be "reduced to a practical form, all notions of a general and unqualified guarantee must be abandoned." In the end the parties to the Quadruple Alliance signed a protocol, to which France was invited to adhere, by which they declared that the convention of October 9, 1818, regulating the execution of the treaty of peace of November 20, 1815, was regarded as "the accomplishment of the work of peace" and the completion of the political system destined to secure its solidarity"; that their "intimate union," having "no other object than the maintenance of peace," the "guarantee" of the transactions on which it was founded, and "the strictest observance of the principles of the rights of nations," offered to Europe "the most sacred pledge of its future tranquility"; and that they must constantly labor for "the repose of the world," solemnly acknowledging that their duties to God and their people peremptorily required them to give to the world "an example of justice, of concord, and of moderation."

The union thus described reached its high-water mark at the conference of Aix-la-Chapelle, which acted, as Phillips

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remarks, " not only as a European representative body, but as a sort of European supreme court, which heard appeals and received petitions of all kinds from sovereigns and their subjects alike." Great Britain finally broke away when it was proposed to extend the activities of the union to the Western hemisphere, where, as the Russian Government remarked, the revolution in the Spanish colonies fixed the attention of " two worlds " and involved the interests of the " universe " and " the future perhaps of all civilized peoples." The idea of a European league to enforce peace readily expanded in its author's mind into a world association for the same purpose. Castlereagh's successor, George Canning, was even more critical of the whole policy. Canning declared that not only had England's " dignity " been wounded, but that her " material interests " were threatened; that for " Europe " he would desire now and then to read " England "; and later he even congratulated himself that, with France " constitutionally hating England," things were " getting back to a wholesome state again, . . . every nation for itself and God for us all," and instructed the British ambassador at St. Petersburg to bid the Russian Emperor " be quiet," as the " time for Areopagus and the like of that " had " gone by." In America the prevalent attitude toward the suggested interposition of the allied Powers in the contest between Spain and her revolted colonies was unmistakably reflected in President Monroe's famous pronouncement.

I have set forth with some particularity the history of Alexander's project of union, not only because it occupies so large a place in the diplomacy of Europe during the first quarter of the last century, but also because it so clearly exemplifies, in its progress and its fate, the possible or probable obstacles with which the attempt to establish such a plan must reckon. The author's evident belief in it was its mainstay, but this naturally ceased to be effective when an ally felt that it no longer needed his support, or might promote its own interests even by antagonizing him. When the situation was thus reversed, the liberties of small states and the cause of peace and humanity were readily found outside the union rather than within it. In other words, the national interest was preferred to the common interest, and the national interest, as has often happened, was in no small part avowedly " material " or commercial.

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We have seen that Castlereagh did not relish the prospect of the army of a strong military Power, even when united with the armies of other Powers, marching through the confederation for the purpose of enforcing peace. The Abbé de St. Pierre sought to avoid such an objection by proposing that the armies of great and small Powers should be numerically the same; but, considering the question purely as one of physical resistance or attack, we cannot disregard the latent strength which territory, population and resources themselves may assure. The great importance of this consideration is shown in the wars growing out of the French Revolution and the ensuing Napoleonic Wars. Austria and Prussia, alarmed at the Revolution, began a war against France, but historians are generally agreed that they would have speedily retired from the contest had not Great Britain taken part in it. British statesmen seem to have thought that internal anarchy would compel France to succumb, but the belief in her weakness did not prevent them from forming against her a coalition which, before the end of 1793, embraced all the Christian Powers of Europe, except Sweden, Denmark, Genoa, Venice, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and Switzerland. Nevertheless, the war lasted, with one brief intermission, for more than twenty years; and when France emerged from it in 1815, she retained with slight exceptions her boundaries of 1790, furnishing to the world an example of the strength of a united people and of the danger of underrating the power and resources of an adversary. The advocates of a "small international police" as an effective preventive of armed conflicts may find here material for reflection.

Lastly, it will be observed that Castlereagh objected to anything in the nature of an international administration of Europe. From the point of view of rendering predominant the power and prestige of his own Government, his position was no doubt correct; but he seems also to have admitted that such an administration would be essential to the success of the scheme. It would indeed be important both materially and morally; materially, as a means of fusing the interests of all in a common interest; morally, as a means of creating a common allegiance. It is by the combination of these two measures—the substitution of concert for unlimited competition and the fostering of the sentiment of unity—that the great empires and federations of to-day in effect

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operate as peace agencies. This they do within themselves. But, as regards one another, what is their attitude? That of rivals, who may lawfully prosecute their ambitions by all possible means. Internally, the destruction of life and property for gain is forbidden; externally, it may be commanded, and this upon the theory that a number of men can, by associating themselves in a political society, place themselves above any earthly authority.

It is in this attitude of mind, which is exemplified in the recognized law of conquest, that we find the crux of the peace problem. In a letter written in 1893, Alfred Nobel, founder of the Nobel Institute at Christiania, remarked that, if all states would with solidarity agree to turn against the first aggressor, wars would become impossible. So long, however, as states retain their present conception of their duties and functions in their relations one with another, such "solidarity" of action can hardly be relied upon. Nor is the question who was the "first aggressor" so easy of determination that the parties to such an agreement would in the exercise of their independent individual judgments be likely to concur in their conclusions upon it. Ward, in his *Law of Nations,* narrates the case, in 1292, of two sailors, the one Norman, the other English, who quarreled in the port of Bayonne and began to fight with their fists. The Englishman, who is said to have been the weaker, stabbed the other with his knife; and the local magistrates having failed to take cognizance of the case, the Normans applied to their king, who told them to take their own revenge. They instantly put to sea, and, says Ward, "seizing the first English ship they could find, hung up several of the crew, and some dogs at the same time, at the masthead. The English," continues the chronicler, "retaliated without applying to their government, and things arose to that height of irregularity, that (with the same indifference on the part of their kings) the one nation made alliance with the Irish and Dutch; the other with the Flemings and Genoese. Two hundred Norman vessels scoured the English seas, and hanged all the seamen they could find. Their enemies in return fitted out a strong fleet, destroyed or took the greater part of the Normans, and giving no quarter, massacred them, to the number of fifteen thousand men. The affair then became too big for private hands, and, the Governments interposing in form, it terminated in that unfortunate war which by the loss of

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Guienne entailed upon the two nations an endless train of hostilities, till it was recovered."

Take two of our own wars of the past century. Madison, in his message to Congress in 1812, said that Great Britain was at war with the United States, while the United States were at peace with Great Britain. He therefore advised that the balance be adjusted, and Congress undertook to do it. But, as the result of disclosures made ten years later from French archives, it is now perfectly well known that Madison was mistaken in his supposed facts; and Albert Gallatin, who made the first partial discovery of the truth, declared that, if the reality had been known, the United States, it was to be assumed, never would have entered upon the course that resulted in the war. In 1846 Mexico treated the entrance of United States forces into certain territory, alleged by the United States to belong to Texas, as an act of war, and as such undertook to repel it by force. If one will examine the United States Statutes at Large, he will find there the solemn declaration of Congress, conforming to the official declaration of President Polk, that war was begun by the act of Mexico. Congress therefore recognized the existence of a state of war, instead of declaring war, but there has always been a profound difference of opinion upon the question whether this view was justified.

Nearly twenty years elapsed after the outbreak of the war between France and Prussia in 1870, before the circumstances immediately affecting the precipitation of the conflict were fully and certainly established. To these examples many others might readily be added.

Another difficulty that would arise in the execution of a mere agreement among independent states, such as that above suggested, is the regulation of the right of self-defense. In speaking of this right, it is perhaps unnecessary to make allowance for a sensitiveness so extreme as that of the gentleman who, in modestly confessing that he had taken part in eighteen wars and fought twenty-seven duels, never failed to add—"but always, suh, in self-defense!" Nevertheless, the truth is that each party to a war usually regards itself as the victim of aggression, and that, while acts of aggression or of menace are seldom wholly confined to one side, it is necessary to act upon appearances. Nor should we forget that the parties to a dispute can scarcely survey their situation with the calmness of a bystander who has noth-

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ing at stake. Thus, while the first actual shot in the battle of Navarino, the consequences of which proved to be so momentous, seems to have been fired by the Turks, English writers have candidly admitted that the Ottoman commander was not unjustified in believing that he was repelling an attack on the part of the allied fleet.

Finally, in spite of loose generalizations as to the annihilation of time and distance, the fact remains that the interests of independent states are many and varied, and that, dotted over the globe, there are points of vantage whose control, while supposed deeply to affect the welfare or security of certain states or groups of states, is, rationally speaking, of little or no concern to the rest of the world. In this way the interests of nations are necessarily divided. It was the recognition of this fact that enabled the European Powers several years ago successfully to localize the wars between Turkey and the Balkan States and between the Balkan States themselves, thus avoiding the operation of the alliances that later dragged into the present conflagration certain Powers which had no direct or individual interest in the quarrel out of which it grew. The first of these was that gallant nation of which Sir Edward Grey, on August 3, 1914, declared that "no Government and no country" had "less desire to be involved in war" over a dispute between Austria and Servia than "the Government and country of France," but that they were involved in it because of their "alliance with Russia." The wisdom or justification of this particular alliance it is not my purpose to discuss; but I would commend its later consequence to the consideration of persons of enlarged views or visionary tendency, who, in their passion for what they are pleased to call "world politics," would lightly throw away the freedom of a nation to determine its own fate.

In the formulation of plans for the preservation of peace, the complicated elements with which the present survey has dealt must all be taken into account. They can no more be neglected in the external than in the internal affairs of States. Mere alliances will not suffice. There must be organization of such character and extent as to gratify the desires, reconcile the ambitions, and settle the specific disputes of peoples, so that their attitude towards international order and internal order may be substantially the same.

In the cultivation of such an attitude no agency has been

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more useful than international arbitration, a process which has the sanction of antiquity, and, where passions would permit it to be employed, of success. It was practiced between the independent Greek States, with an intelligence and precision rarely surpassed. Under the influence of a united Church, it was extensively applied during the Middle Ages. During the Thirty Years' War, while men, crazed by famine, waited upon the gallows and explored the cemetery, and, reduced to the stage of cannibalism, hunted down their fellows for food, it disappeared. Through the subsequent colonial and commercial wars, it remained in eclipse. It revived towards the close of the eighteenth century, when Great Britain and the United States applied it not only to questions of boundary, but also to disputes as to maritime right, such as have frequently occasioned wars. In its practical application it reached perhaps its highest point in the Geneva award, by which, in 1872, the claims growing out of the depredations of the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers were finally determined, although I would by no means fail to mention either the arbitral settlement of the Bering Sea dispute at Paris in 1893, or that of the century-old controversy as to the North Atlantic fisheries by the permanent Court at The Hague in 1910.

The treaty or convention under which this court was established was signed at The Hague in 1899 and was renewed in 1907. As is generally known, it provides for commissions of inquiry to ascertain facts and for mediation, as well as for the judicial settlement of disputes by the permanent arbitral court; and while it does not declare arbitration to be obligatory in any particular case, it excepts nothing from the process, thus adopting Bentham's view that in the decision of arbiters the credit and honor of the disputants will be preserved. In this respect it radically differs from certain later treaties, which stipulate that differences "of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties" shall be referred to the Permanent Court at The Hague, provided they "do not affect the vital interests, the independence or the honor of the two contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties." The object of these treaties is said to have been to render resort to the court obligatory; but as their most important clause is that which specifies the exceptions, they recall the case of the officer who, on placing his troops in position, pointed out a way of

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retreat, which, when the enemy appeared, they promptly took. In reality, the article in effect declares that nothing of a serious nature need be arbitrated. In this respect, while it may not fall below the standard of some nations, it is far behind the actual practice of others which have, during the past hundred and twenty-five years, arbitrated numerous questions that may, in the sense in which language is usually employed, be said to affect the "independence," or the "vital interests," or the "honor" of the contracting parties. The questions submitted under Article VII of the Jay Treaty were of this character. Seventy years later, when the United States first proposed to Great Britain the arbitration of the *Alabama* Claims, Earl Russell declined the proposal on the express ground that the complaints of the United States involved the "honor" of Her Majesty's Government, of which, according to the accepted phrase, he declared Her Majesty's Government to be the "sole guardian." The scope of the questions at issue had not been reduced, but had indeed been enlarged, when, in 1871, it was decided to submit the controversy to arbitration. What would indeed be thought of a code prefaced with the clause that its provisions should not be held to apply to any case which, in the opinion of either party, involved his "honor"? No doubt we should find that defendants would grow extremely sensitive on that score, but the peace and order of society would be likely to suffer.

With a view to remove the limitations imposed by the treaties above mentioned, and to set an example of confidence in amicable processes, there were concluded at Washington on August 3, 1911, two remarkable agreements, commonly known as the Taft-Knox treaties, between the United States on the one part, and France and Great Britain respectively on the other, by which an attempt was made to bring within the scope of arbitration all future differences, involving a "claim of right" and "justiciable in their nature by reason of being susceptible of decision by the application of the principles of law or equity"; and in case of dispute as to whether a difference was of this nature, this question was to be referred to a Joint High Commission of Inquiry, whose vote in favor of arbitration was to be conclusive, if concurred in by all or all but one of the members. The United States Senate amended these treaties (1) by requiring the advice and consent of the Senate for any and every submission

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(2) by taking from the Joint High Commission of Inquiry the power to decide that a difference was justiciable, and (3) by declaring that the treaties did not embrace any question affecting (a) the admission of aliens into the United States or to the educational institutions of the several States, (b) national or State boundaries, or State debts, (c) the Monroe Doctrine, or (d) "other purely governmental policy." The treaties were then abandoned.

The so-called peace pacts, concluded by the United States with numerous Powers during the past three years, although often criticized as treaties of unlimited arbitration, do not as a rule stipulate for arbitration at all, but merely provide for the submission of disputes to international commissions of inquiry for investigation and report within a year. Furthermore, the report, when made, is not binding, the contracting parties expressly reserving their liberty of action in regard to it. The thought underlying these treaties is (1) that they furnish an honorable means of suspending controversy, (2) that the suspension of controversy will have a tranquilizing effect, and (3) that the report of the commission of investigation probably will point the way to a fair and equitable settlement. Their practical application, however, to flagrant and continuing violations of substantial rights as to persons, property, jurisdiction, or commerce, might become difficult unless a modus vivendi could be arranged.

For the preservation of peace all devices, such as international conferences, arbitration, mediation and good offices, are or may be useful, according to the circumstances of the case; but back of all this we must in the last analysis rely upon the cultivation of a mental attitude which will lead men to think first of amicable processes rather than of war when differences arise. To this end it will be necessary to rid the mind of exaggerated but old and generally prevalent notions as to the functions of the State, of superstitions as to "trial by battle," of the conceptions that underlie the law of conquest, and of the delusion that one's own motives are always higher, purer and more disinterested than those of other persons, to say nothing of the passion for uniformity that denies the right to be different.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE.

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HAS AMERICA GONE TOO FAR IN DEMOCRACY?

BY W. R. BOYD

With a world at war, and that war supposed to be the direct outgrowth of too little democracy, it may seem that the question posed in my title is impertinent. I venture, however, to ask it. I believe we have gone too far in democracy, and that, unless we retrace some steps recently taken, we shall see fulfilled some of the prophecies made by those who distrusted popular government at the time this nation was "brought forth on this continent, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

This Government was not founded as a democracy. The democratic idea was put forward in the Constitutional Convention, discussed, and discarded because direct government had everywhere failed. Our Government was founded as a representative government. I doubt if many realize how far we have departed in the last decade from this foundational principle. Two steps have been taken, practically by common consent, which go far to undo the work of the fathers. One of these, the less serious, is the direct election of United States Senators. This would not be so disastrous in its results but for the other more radical action, which, in practice, virtually abandons representative government and substitutes pure democracy. I refer to the primary method of choosing candidates for office.

This change was unnecessary. It is true that some men did buy their way into the Senate with money. But whom did they buy? The men chosen directly from the electorate by their immediate neighbors in legislative districts—districts so small that the citizen intent upon his duties as a voter could, if he would, know all about the character of the men he was voting for. What was needed was

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not a new method of electing United States Senators, but the exercise of more care on the part of the voters in choosing legislative candidates. Does anyone suppose that unfit men will not continue, now and then, to buy their way into the United States Senate? Some of the most notorious have already had no more trouble in getting the endorsement of the electorate than they had in persuading the legislature. But this departure, needless as it was, would not be so bad if candidates for the Senate could be chosen by party conventions composed of delegates selected to represent political units not larger than a county. It is the indirect step away from representative government that threatens to make public service a reproach rather than an honor. If ever there was a device of the devil in politics, it is the direct primary.

How did it come about? There had been some abuse of the caucus and convention system. It was charged that corrupt influences controlled nominations by means of the packed caucus. In some instances, they did. Under the spur of bitter factional contests, many things were done at once disgusting and disgraceful. But all the evils incident to the caucus system could have been remedied by a simple statute legalizing the caucus and laying down rules for its conduct. There was no need to abandon the basic principles of representative government. Even the caucus system as it existed could have been rendered much less harmful by a strict attention to civic duty on the part of the people. How many precincts could have been controlled through a packed caucus, if the decent voters of every precinct had made it a point to attend the caucus? But such a thing as attempting to remedy a political defect by devotion to the ordinary duties of citizenship does not appeal to the average American. He wants a legislative remedy, a new law, a cure-all that will enforce itself. And so these negligent citizens who never went to a caucus in their lives, and who often had to be dragged to the polls by party workers, began to clamor for primary law, led on by politicians who hoped to profit by such enactment. They raised the cry of "Back to the People! Let the People rule"—those same People who went to the theatre or to the club on caucus nights. They reversed completely the scriptural dictum: "Behold, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." They said: "We have been unfaithful over a few things; make us ruler over many things. We have been care-

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less and incompetent in choosing men to represent us within a small unit where we knew everybody. Behold, we will be faithful and competent in selecting men from a field so large that we can know only a few. The boss shall be dethroned. The places that knew him shall know him no more forever. The man shall not seek the office; the office shall seek the man." And the law came, came in every State in the Union.

What has been the result? Has the boss been dethroned? Does the office seek the man? Have the people greater power over nominations than they had under the old system? Has the personnel of office-holders improved? Not one of these questions can be answered in the affirmative. The boss is as powerful as ever. The office could not seek the man if it tried. The only thing left to the people is to choose—and, as I shall seek to show later, blindly—from the list presented on the primary ballot. Such a thing as drafting a man at an especially important hour for a mighty task is absolutely impossible. Never in the history of America was the personnel of public life so weak and incompetent as it is to-day. A few months ago, one of the foremost newspapers in America, in an article entitled "The Most Shameful Legislative Body in the World," made this assertion: "With a few honorable exceptions, the United States Senate is a composition of ignorance, selfishness, avarice, political greed, stupidity, blatancy, flamboyance and asininity, to be equaled only by the same composition found in the House of Representatives of the United States Congress." This is a terrible arraignment, and, in my opinion, too radical; but the most terrible thing about it is that there is some justification for it. The original advocates of the primary, who were honest, went upon the theory that every voter is deeply interested in public affairs, and that, if given direct responsibility, he would carefully weigh the qualifications of all the candidates, and that only fit men would have a chance. Now, disagreeable as the truth is, the average voter is not deeply interested in public affairs. The average voter knows little and cares less about things political, unless some personal or financial interest is directly involved. In the second place, even the most intelligent voter is helpless when it comes to choosing a host of candidates through the medium of the primary ballot. It is, for the most part, a list of unknown names. Often the most intelligent voter knows nothing about ninety-

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five per cent of them, and as a rule he votes for the first name on the list under the several headings. When the Iowa primary law was first enacted, it provided that the names of the candidates for the several offices to be nominated should be arranged on the ballot in alphabetical order. What was the result? Why, A beat B, and B beat C when there was no A, and so on throughout the length of the ballot. Finally they changed the law, and arranged it so that every candidate has his name first on the list in a proportionate number of counties. That helps the men whose names begin with X, Y, or Z. But what a commentary it is on the worth of the law as a measure of reform, and on the intelligence of the average voter!

The primary law has been in operation long enough to demonstrate beyond dispute that it has the following effects —all detrimental to the public good:

First: It bars from State and national offices every man of small means who is not backed by some one who has money.

Second: It puts a premium on the sensationalist and the demagogue.

Third: It destroys absolutely the effectiveness of the minority party as a restraining force on the majority party.

Fourth: It weakens party ties and makes for personal politics.

Fifth: It makes tenure insecure even for the most competent.

In order to win at a primary, a man must impress himself on a sufficient number of voters to make them think of him when they go into the booth at the primary election. Consider for a moment what it costs to cover the ninety-nine counties of a State like Iowa in any effective way so that a man comparatively unknown can so impress himself upon the voters. He cannot meet more than a small number of them. He must impress them, if they are to be impressed, through newspaper advertisements and circulars. An allotment of $500.00 a county for such a purpose would not be unreasonable. If the ambitious politician is seeking free advertising, of course he can get it by doing something outlandish; and it has been proved over and over again that to do this is one of the surest ways of winning a place on the ticket, even for the office of a Senator in Congress.

As for the destruction of the effectiveness of the minority

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party, that is plain to everyone who knows the practice under the old system and the practice of today. Formerly it was the custom for the minority party to hold its convention after that of the majority party. If the majority party, drunk with over-confidence and power, nominated a weak and incompetent candidate for any office, the minority party took advantage of it and compelled its strongest men to enter the lists; and it has not infrequently happened that by so doing the party hopelessly in the minority has been triumphant. But under the primary system, the minority party is not able to keep its notoriety seekers off the primary ballot; so that if a " yellow dog " is nominated by the majority party, the chances are that a canine equally yellow will be nominated by the minority; and the poor voter is left with the choice between two " yellow dogs."

The weakening of party ties may seem to some a thing to be desired rather than deplored. " Man, not party," is a rather popular slogan. But this notion proceeds from superficial thinking. In this country we must have government by and through parties, or we shall have chaos. Nothing lasting can be predicated upon any individual. Human life is too brief, too uncertain. The conservative force of organization is absolutely essential to progress and order. A party has principles, traditions and a history that hold individuals in check and make for stability. Individuals pass away, but the party remains. The great statesmen of every country, in every age, have been partisans, not blindly so, but rational party men, leading their parties.

There are those, perhaps, who hold that short tenure for office-holders is a good thing. There could be no greater error than this. A statesman is not made in a day. Statecraft is an art as difficult to master as the most learned profession If we are going to be able to hold our own among the nations of the earth and develop our own possibilities, we must have not only a few but many men who will serve as Congressmen and Senators,—not for one or two terms, but for many. Under the primary, the greatest and the wisest of them can be and are nagged out of public life. They will not submit to it. Many who would make capable public officials will not even start. It is repugnant to many men of the finest ability to use the methods which must be used to win at a primary election. These methods, briefly summarized, are the same that one would have to use if he

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were introducing a new brand of shaving soap or trying to put a new type of safety razor on the market.

It is not stating it too strongly to say that the primary law has failed utterly. It has multiplied many times the cost of holding elections. It has cheapened our public life. It has tied the hands of the minority party. It has driven out of the public service our highest type of statesmanship. Those who advocated it unselfishly, believing that it was a measure of reform, have, for the most part, seen the error of their judgment and repudiated it. Not long since, I spent a day with a former governor of a neighboring State. He is a Lincoln-like character,—honest to the core. Speaking of his experience with the primary law, he said: "I summoned a special session of the legislature when I was governor, and asked them to enact a primary law, believing in it with all my heart. I have seen it work. I have seen a man, not on the border line of insanity, but *actually insane,* receive 25,000 votes for Justice of the Supreme Court of my State; and, so help me God, if I were governor to-day I would call another special session of the legislature, put on sackcloth and ashes, acknowledge my mistake, and beg the legislature to repeal that law."

For one thing we may be thankful—we have escaped any widespread adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall. The fact of the matter is that there are only two things which the average voter can do intelligently. First: he can, after thorough discussion in press and forum, pass upon general principles. When it comes to the specific application of these principles, he has neither the time, the opportunity, nor the inclination to inform himself so that he can intelligently pass judgment. If such an obligation is forced upon him, he can do but one of two things—neglect it utterly, or exercise his duty blindly, not knowing what the effect will be. Second: he can choose, from among his own circle of acquaintanceship, men whom he is willing to have represent him in deliberative bodies which shall nominate executive and legislative officers. This is representative government —the kind contemplated by the men who formulated the Constitution.

During the last ten years we have gone far afield in the direction of pure democracy, and away from representative government. Shall we get back? I do not know. Not, I fear, until things grow even worse than they are now, or until

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some great disaster, like the light that flashed upon Saul on his way to Damascus, brings about a sudden conversion. It is expecting too much to look forward to a repeal of the primary system by its beneficiaries. There are any number of men in State legislatures and in Congress who would never have imagined, even in their own minds, that they could get seats in these bodies under the old system. The country will have to initiate this reform; and we may have to be shocked into it.

What this country needs above all else is not more laws, but a new birth of citizenship: a deep consciousness that true reform must proceed from the inside out, not from the outside in. Since 1898, America has enjoyed the greatest era of material prosperity ever vouchsafed to any people. Life has been made soft and easy for many of us. Automobiles fly back and forth over our highways like shuttles in a loom. Places of amusement entertain thousands, where dozens were entertained a decade ago. Most of our wants are supplied almost automatically. We push one button and we get this, another and we get that. We drop a coin in the slot and get almost anything we wish. Effort, ingenuity, self-denial, much that puts iron into the blood and makes us value and appreciate our blessings, is lacking. We live, as it were, in a land of dreams, smug, conceited, fearing nothing. The generation that actually did something for the country is fast passing away. There remains to-day only a thin blue line of those who were willing to give the "last full measure of devotion." As for the rest of us, we have done little or nothing for our country: it has done everything for us. Instead of acknowledging our obligations, we take all that has been done as a matter of course and call for more. We need, in this new birth of citizenship, to drop provincialism and view things in terms of the nation. Shame upon the men in this Mississippi Valley from which I write who grudge measures for national defense because, forsooth, the shells of a hostile fleet or an invading army are not likely to fall upon the fields and cities of the Middle West!—for I have heard men actually say: "Why should we fret? They couldn't reach us here." The time has gone by when any portion of America can be a law unto itself. As for the nation at large, the period of its "splendid isolation" is forever past. Whether we wish it or not, we must face world problems from this day forth. We need statesmen of

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the highest type, as we never needed them before—men able to see the world as a unit. How many such have we in public life today?

Years ago, when I was a boy, I read an article in a magazine not so widely read now as then—more's the pity—by Archdeacon Farrar, on "The Duty of the Church in America." Its closing paragraph made a deep impression on me then. Its stately lines of prophecy and warning have been ringing in my ears of late. As nearly as I can remember, this is what he said:

> If America shall keep herself true to the principles upon which she was founded and to the awful virtues of the Pilgrim sires, she will continue to be the enlightener of the nations, the beautiful pioneer in the vanguard of the progress of the world. But if she spread a table to fortune and enthrone Mammon above her altars; if her politics become corrupt, her press debased, and her religion a mere twilight of willful and self-induced delusion, then she, in her turn, shall fall, like Lucifer, son of the morning; and the double oceans which wash her illimitable shores shall only splash to future empires a more sad, a more desolate, and a more unending dirge.

W. R. Boyd.

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THE RAILWAYS, TRAIN EMPLOYEES AND THE PUBLIC

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE railway problem of the United States, which already was complex and difficult, has been rendered doubly so by demands which the locomotive engineers, firemen, conductors and other trainmen have made upon the railways. These demands are unprecedented in at least two important respects: they are the first ever presented by all of the members of the four brotherhoods of train service employees to all of the railways; and the expense of complying with them would exceed that which would have resulted from granting any other demands ever presented at one time by organized labor to the railways or any other body of employers.

Ten years have elapsed since the passage of the Hepburn railroad rate act. The policy of effective national regulation of railroads which that act inaugurated, and the gigantic movement now being carried on by the four railway brotherhoods, have a vital relationship. Before effective regulation the railway managements could reduce working hours or increase wages without consulting the public, for they did not have to consult it in making rates. By assuming control of rates the public has assumed control of the wages the railways can pay. The demands of the train service employees, therefore, raise a public question of national importance. It is a public question because the public must bear, in the form of rates, part or all of any addition which may be made to railway expenses. It is a public question because the public, by the force of its opinion and through some body representing it, should determine what concessions, if any, shall be made to the employees. It is a public question because if a strike of all the train service employees shall

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occur, the public will suffer in numerous ways and to an extent that few realize.

It was predicted long ago that government regulation of railway income would make necessary government regulation of railway expenses. The repeated movements of the employees for more favorable conditions of work and higher wages, culminating in the present agitation, demand the fulfillment of this prophecy.

A remarkable feature of the pending controversy is that there is wide disagreement between the parties as to what it involves. The spokesmen of the employees say it involves the establishment of an eight-hour day. They assert that the train service employees work such long hours that in a few years they are worn out, and that this is inimical to the social welfare. They grow so weary, it is said, that they become unable to perform their duties, and this increases accidents. It is contended that if the railways would run their freight trains faster, the employees would be able to do as much work in eight hours as they now do in ten, thus preventing the reduction of working hours from causing an increase of expenses, and benefitting shippers, whose goods would be transported more expeditiously.

The officers of the railroads controvert the statement that the employees are seeking an eight-hour day, and every argument based on it. They assert that the demands do not provide for an eight-hour day, and that assurances that they do are a subterfuge to gain public sympathy for a plan which would result merely in another large increase in wages. This, they contend, is unwarranted, and would be unjust to the other eighty-two per cent. of railway employees, to the holders of railway securities, and to the public.

Before we can weigh the merits of these opposing contentions, it is necessary to get an understanding of certain of the rather dry and technical facts as to the existing bases of work and wages on railways. The working day of most employees is ten hours. Those in train service are paid not only according to the hours they work, but according to the miles their trains run. In passenger service, the basis is now much less than even eight hours a day. For example, for engineers and firemen in the western part of the country it is one hundred miles, or six hours and forty minutes, and in eastern territory one hundred miles, or five hours. On parts of some roads in the Southeast and Southwest certain

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employees in freight service, especially engineers and conductors, also have had the basis reduced below ten hours; but on about nine-tenths of the total mileage the basis in freight service is still ten hours or one hundred miles. If an employee works more than the regular hours, or runs more than the regular miles, he is paid extra at the regular hourly or mileage rate. For example, on a road where the basis in freight service is ten hours or one hundred miles, if he runs one hundred and fifteen miles in nine hours he gets fifteen per cent. more than a regular day's wage for his extra fifteen miles; and if he runs only ninety miles in eleven hours he gets ten per cent. extra for his extra hour. Employees on the regular payroll usually are guaranteed a specified number of days' work each month—usually twenty-five. If they work more it is because they choose to; if less, it is because they voluntarily "lay off." The companies are required to pay a day's wage if an employee is called for duty, no matter how short a time he works; and he may not be used in any class of service but that to which he belongs.

The proposals of the train service employees contemplate important changes both in their regular rates of pay per hour and in their rates of pay for overtime. The proposals relating to the regular hourly rates are: "In all road service one hundred miles or less, eight hours or less (instead of ten), will constitute a day, except in passenger service. "Eight hours or less will constitute a day in all yard and switching service." "No one shall receive less for eight hours or one hundred miles than he now receives for a minimum day or one hundred miles for the class of engine used or for service performed." The proposal relating to overtime is that "all overtime be computed on the minute basis and paid for as time and one-half times the pro rata rate."

This plan clearly provides for an eight-hour day in yard service. The work and wages of employees in this service being on a strictly hourly basis, the granting of the demands would result in the establishment of three shifts of men a day in yards. Yard employees would be given the same wages for eight hours they now receive for ten; and because of the larger number employed the total payroll in this service would be increased at least twenty-five per cent.

The case of the employees in "road service" is different. An eight-hour day in any other industry means that all employees work eight hours, no more, no less. The plan

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of the train service employees provides that "in all road service *one hundred miles or less,* eight hours *or less,* will constitute a day, *except in passenger service.*" To make this sentence define a real eight-hour day it would be necessary to strike out all the italicized words. Passenger service is excepted because those in it already work less than eight hours. The words "one hundred miles" are inserted because the freight employees wish to retain the mileage, as well as the hourly, basis in order that all who run more than one hundred miles in eight hours or less shall get extra pay for the extra miles. The use of "or less" after "miles" and "hours" is designed to insure a day's wage to an employee if he is called for duty, no matter how few miles he runs or hours he works. The plan provides for eight hours as a *maximum,* but not as a *minimum,* basis. Under it all of the passenger and many of the freight employees would work less, but none would work more, than eight hours for a day's wage.

The proposals contemplate an "eight-hour day" differing from that in any other industry in another respect. It is possible for other concerns to divide all employees into shifts, and to keep those in a shift going the same hours. On a railway all trains cannot be started at the same time. The distances between terminals vary, and, therefore, if all trains were run at the same speeds the time required to move them between different terminals would vary. Different trains running between the same terminals render different kinds of service, and therefore require different times to cover the same distances. Owing to these conditions, the number of hours consumed by different trains in making their daily runs varies widely. The employees make allowance for only one of these conditions. This is the difference in the distances between terminals. Their attitude has been clearly stated by W. G. Lee, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, who has said: "If all terminals were one hundred miles apart we would be in position to demand an absolute eight-hour day. But we recognize that the divisions vary in length, many exceeding one hundred miles. As a concession to the railroads we have agreed to the twelve and a half mile basis in lieu of the absolute eight-hour day." The employees say the purpose of their demand for time and one-half for overtime—"punitive overtime," as it is called—is to keep the companies from working them more

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than eight hours. But Mr. Lee, in the statement from which I have just quoted, added: "On long divisions it (the basis proposed by the employees) permits them (the managements) to ignore the eight-hour day and escape the overtime by simply making an average speed of trains equal to or exceeding twelve and a half miles per hour."

This concedes that the plan of the brotherhoods does not provide for a real eight-hour day for any of the employees affected. There is only one way to establish such a day in train service. This is to abandon the mileage basis of wages, and so to rearrange terminals and the speeds and running distances of trains, as to render it practicable to cause all crews, passenger and freight, to work eight hours, and to be relieved when they have done so. The employees propose nothing of the kind. They demand the retention of the mileage basis of wages; they demand that passenger service employees be allowed to continue to work less than eight hours; and they propose a scheme under which the railways may keep freight employees on duty unlimited hours and escape paying overtime, if trains are run at not less than twelve and a half miles an hour. Of course, increasing the speed of trains from ten to twelve and a half miles an hour would increase the hourly wage of the employees on them twenty-five per cent.

To arguments such as the foregoing the spokesmen of the brotherhoods reply, that while the railways could keep employees in freight service on duty more than eight hours, they seldom would do so. The provision that unless they ran the trains twelve and a half miles an hour they would have to pay overtime at 150 per cent. of the regular hourly wage after eight hours would, it is contended, stimulate the managements to run the trains faster. The railways now run all their passenger trains more than twelve and a half miles an hour; and they run some freight trains faster than this. The argument of the employees implies that they could and should run all of them at least this fast. Why is this not done now? The spokesmen of the employees say it is because the managements cause many trains to be "overloaded"; and their solution of the problem of increasing speeds and thereby reducing the hours of employees, without increasing expenses, is to reduce the load per train.

This is exceedingly superficial and erroneous reasoning, which ignores vitally pertinent facts and conditions of rail-

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way operation and fundamental principles of railway economics. It is not a fact, as the argument assumes, that the long and heavy trains consume the most time between terminals. The trains on which the employees work the longest are the way freights; and the reason why their movement is slow is that they stop so many times and do so much switching en route. Most of them are lightly loaded; and to reduce their loads to increase their speeds would be absurd. The only way to reduce the time that these trains and their crews are on the road would be by reducing the distances between their terminals. But the plan of the employees provides that the wages of these, as well as of other men in train service, shall be kept on a basis of one hundred miles a day; and the only effect of its application to way freight service would be to increase the wages paid to those in that service. Their wages already are the highest in freight train service, having been made so expressly because their work is arduous and their hours long. In October, 1913, a typical month, the average hours and earnings of regularly employed engineers and firemen in way freight service on Western railways were: Engineers, hours, 282; wages, $168.11; firemen, hours, 275; wages, $107. This was at the rate of $2,017 per year for engineers, and $1,284 per year for firemen. Conductors receive about fifteen per cent. less than engineers, and " other trainmen " about the same as firemen. The employees could not have controlled the hours they worked per day; but they could have " laid off " more days if they had wanted to; and it is doubtful if a working month of two hundred and nine hours, consisting of nineteen days of eleven hours each, is any more exhausting than one of twenty-six days of only eight hours each. The employees worked so many hours in the month because they wanted the large earnings they made by so doing.

The only freight trains whose speed might be increased by reducing their loads are part of those in through service. This service includes at least three-fourths of all freight trains and handles a relatively larger part of the traffic. Many through freight trains are now run twelve and a half miles an hour or faster. The spokesmen of the employees contend that this shows that all through freight trains could be run as fast. But, as already indicated, the railways handle a great variety of commodities. Some, such as live stock, dressed meats and fruits and vegetables, being per-

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ishable, require fast movement, and are valuable enough to bear high rates. Others, while not so perishable, such as drygoods, are so valuable that shippers can better afford to pay relatively high rates for having them transported rapidly than to have them moved slowly. Others, such as lumber and coal, being non-perishable, do not require rapid movement, and, as they are of small value, cannot bear high rates. The railways have so classified their service as to adapt it to the requirements of these various classes of commodities. They transport goods which are valuable, or valuable and perishable, in through trains at high speeds. But the speed a train can make depends on its length and weight. Therefore, these trains are relatively short and light. They handle the cheaper and bulkier commodities in long, heavy trains; but such trains necessarily move slowly.

The spokesmen of the employees recognize the fact that the speed of trains handling cheap and bulky commodities cannot be materially increased without reducing their loads, and argue that this should be done to enable the employees to "do ten hours' work in eight hours." But this would not enable the employees to "do ten hours' work in eight hours." It would reduce the traffic handled by each train and crew; and men are not employed to run trains but to move the traffic the trains haul. If the traffic handled in a day per train and crew were reduced it would be necessary to provide more trains and crews. If more trains were run it would be necessary to provide more locomotives, main tracks, passing tracks, yard and other facilities. Thus there would result a heavy increase of operating expenses, of investment in facilities and of fixed charges. If trains hauling lumber and coal are to be made as short and run as fast as those hauling drygoods, fruit and vegetables, the cost per ton mile of handling the former commodities will become approximately as great as that of handling the latter, and the rates on them will have to be made approximately as high. The average rate per ton per mile on live stock in this country in 1914 was 12.6 mills and on dressed meats 9.7 mills. On lumber it is was only 6.98 mills, on anthracite coal 6 mills and on bituminous coal 4.57 mills.* Is it desirable so to change methods of operation as to render it necessary perhaps to double the rates on cheap, bulky commodities constituting 75 per cent. of the total tonnage? Not only is it not desirable, but such commodities could not bear such increases in rates.

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The methods by which increases have been made in the average freight train load have contributed more toward the economy with which the railways of the United States are operated than all other methods. Probably it would cost less to maintain the present loading and speeds of trains and pay the crews time-and-a-half for overtime after eight hours than to reduce the loads and increase the speeds enough to avoid overtime. Since the plan of the employees does not provide for "an absolute eight-hour day," the managements would adopt that method of carrying it out which would cause the smallest increase in expenses. If they maintained the present loads and speeds the employees in through freight service, like those in way freight service, would simply secure an increase in wages while continuing to work the same hours. The average number of hours worked by engineers and firemen in through freight service on the Western lines in October, 1913, and the average amounts earned were: Engineers, hours, 248.6; earnings, $164.93; firemen, hours, 242; earnings, $105.59. This was at the rate of $1,979 per year for engineers and $1,267 per year for firemen.

The public would not receive any of the benefits which it is claimed would be incidental to the establishment of an eight-hour day in train service; and the only advantage derived by a large majority of the employees concerned would be an increase in wages. How much would this amount to? The wages of all employees in train service are about $400,000,000 a year, and the railways estimate that the increase would be 25 per cent., or $100,000,000. The way the employees' plan would work out in road service, assuming that the present loads and speeds of trains were maintained, may be shown by some simple illustrations. Suppose an engineer who now makes his run in ten hours and is paid $5.60, or 56 cents an hour: under the proposed plan he would get $5.60 for eight hours, or 70 cents an hour, and overtime at $1.05 an hour for two hours. His total compensation would, therefore, be $7.70 if he worked ten hours, an increase of 37½ per cent. Suppose his train was delayed and the run took twelve hours. On the existing basis of wages he would receive $5.60 for ten hours and overtime for the extra two hours at the same rate, making his overtime $1.12 and his total pay $6.72. Under the proposed arrangement he would receive $5.60 for eight hours, or 70 cents an hour, an increase of 25 per cent. per hour, and overtime on

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a time-and-a-half basis, amounting to $1.05 per hour, an increase in the overtime rate per hour of 87½ per cent. As he would receive overtime for four hours instead of two, his total pay for overtime would be $4.20, an increase in it of almost 300 per cent., making his total day's wage $9.80, an increase of 45 per cent.

Of course, there would be corresponding increases in the wages of all other members of the train crew. On the other hand, when trains ran twelve miles and a half an hour, that is to say, one hundred miles in eight hours—as is often the case and would continue to be—the employees' plan would cause no increase in wages. As previously shown, there would be an increase on the pay-roll in yard service of at least twenty-five per cent. On the whole, the estimate that the adoption of the employees' plan would increase the wages of all employees in train service an average of twenty-five per cent. probably is not unreasonable.

Should this increase in wages be granted? Recent years have been a period of advancing wages on railways. The employees in train service are not only the highest paid workingmen in America, but they have profited disproportionately by recent advances in wages. The following table gives the average wages of engineers, firemen, conductors and other trainmen, and the average of all these classes combined, in 1898, 1906 and 1914:

Annual Wages of Trainmen in 1898, 1906 and 1914, and Percentages of Increase.

			Per Cent.		1906-1914 Per Cent. Increase	1898-1914 Per Cent. Increase
	1898	1906	Increase	1914		
Engineers	$1,167.87	$1,246.14	6.7	$1,771.81	42.2	51.6
Firemen	647.38	705.95	9.0	1,037.47	46.8	60.2
Conductors ..	979.18	1,079.24	10.2	1,533.62	42.1	56.6
Other trainmen	591.28	687.60	16.3	1,023.21	48.8	73.0
All train service employees	793.29	868.94	9.5	1,253.37	44.2	57.9

The following table gives the average wages of the remaining eighty-two per cent. of railway employees in the same years, and also separately those of train despatchers

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and telegraph operators, station agents and section foremen:

Annual Wages of All Employees Except Train Service Employees and of Telegraph Operators and Despatchers, Station Agents and Section Foremen, in 1898, 1906 and 1914, and Percentages of Increase.

	1898	1906	Per Cent. Increase	1914	1906-1914 Per Cent. Increase	1898-1914 Per Cent. Increase
All other railway employees	$489.42	$510.13	4.2	$686.68	34.6	40.3
Telegraph operators and despatchers	634.08	685.22	8.1	904.42	31.9	42.6
Station agents ..	576.31	646.00	12.1	821.89	27.2	42.6
Section foremen.	559.73	581.26	3.9	767.36	32.0	37.1

The increase in the average wage of all train service employees in the eight years 1906-1914 was 44 per cent.; and in sixteen years, 58 per cent. The increases in the average wage of the other 82 per cent. of employees in the same periods were 35 per cent. and 40 per cent. The average wage of the 309,000 train service employees in 1914 was $1,253; of the other 1,381,000 employees, $687. The contrast between the wages of the train service employees and those of train despatchers and telegraph operators, station agents and section foremen, is especially striking. The working day of despatchers and operators is limited to nine hours by federal law; but that of station agents and section foremen is ten hours, and they must hold themselves in readiness for duty at any time. The work of all these classes requires more intelligence and skill than that of firemen or brakemen, and certainly as much as that of engineers and conductors. Yet the firemen and brakemen are paid higher than despatchers and operators, station agents or section foremen; and the average conductor receives almost as much, and the average engineer more than as much, as the average station agent and the average section foreman together.

The train service employees justify their high wages, which are mainly a result of labor union activity, on the ground that their calling is hazardous. But while their wages have been advancing the hazards to which they are exposed

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have been declining. In 1905 there were 1,990 employees in train service killed, or one in every 133. In 1915 there were only 884 killed, or one in every 340.

The demands of the train service employees cannot, in view of the foregoing facts, be fairly granted unless proportionate concessions are also to be made to other railway employees. But the railways cannot grant the demands of the train service employees, much less a 25 per cent. advance in wages to all their employees, which would amount to $320,000,000 a year, with their present freight and passenger rates. As the writer showed in an article in this REVIEW for November, 1915, past increases in wages and taxes, unaccompanied by advances in rates, caused the net operating income of the railways to shrink from 5 1-3 per cent. on their property investment in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, to 3.99 per cent. in the fiscal year 1914. The results in the year ended June 30, 1915, were yet worse. In October, 1915, the railway mileage in the hands of receivers reached 42,000, breaking all records, and in 1915 the new mileage built was the least since the Civil War. During recent months there have been increases in gross and net earnings. But the net operating income earned during the last six months of 1915 was only 3.09 per cent. on property investment; and in the fiscal year ending on June 30, 1916, it probably will not much exceed 5 per cent.

Most people are disposed to regard sympathetically all movements of workingmen to improve their condition, on the assumption that any advantage labor may gain will be secured at the expense of capital. No such assumption can be made in this instance. The proposed increase in wages would necessarily result in advances in rates; and most or all of it would, therefore, be borne, not by rich capitalists, but by the one hundred million people of the United States. The people pay directly all passenger fares, and they pay indirectly, as part of the prices of the goods they consume, practically all freight rates. Now, as already shown, the average wage of the train service employees is $1,253 a year. That of other railway employees is only $687. The average earnings of the 6,615,046 employees in the manufacturing industry in the United States in 1909 were only $518. The average monthly wage of a farm hand who boards himself, according to the Department of Agriculture, is $30; and it is extremely doubtful if the average income of farmers, aside

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from that part derived from their investment in their property, would approach the wages of the train service employees. Probably eighty per cent of all the people of this country have smaller incomes than the men in railway train service; and it is impossible to find, under present conditions, any justification for a large advance in the income of this relatively well-paid class mainly at the expense of that much larger part of the public which is nowhere near as well off.

While this seems clear, the train service employees, according to their leaders, are strongly averse to submitting their demands to arbitration.

The situation presented is remarkable. On one side are the railways, with 630,000 stockholders, an army of bondholders and almost a million and a half of employees who are not directly involved. The largest amount of dividends ever paid to the stockholders in a year was $340,000,000; but if they, through the managements, should combine to make the slightest increase in rates without the previous consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railways and their officers would be subject to the pains and penalties of both the act to regulate commerce and the Sherman anti-trust law. If they should combine to stop operation to enforce a demand for higher rates, they might be prosecuted under the Sherman law and forfeit their charters.

On the other side are 309,000 employees, or 18 per cent. of the total number, receiving almost $400,000,000 a year in wages, or 28 per cent. of the total paid. They have combined to demand $100,000,000 a year more; and their leaders intimate, and even threaten, that they will not arbitrate, but will strike and paralyze the transportation, the commerce and the industry of the country unless their demands are granted. Their combination has been formed publicly, is going forward publicly to accomplish its purposes, and under existing laws may adopt any means it pleases to effect them, without interference from any public authority!

The situation demonstrates strikingly the existence of a fatal defect in our policy of regulation. All questions affecting railway investment and expenses are questions indirectly involving rates. This is especially true of wage questions, for 45 cents out of every dollar collected in rates are paid out in wages. But while the Government has made arbitration of differences between the shipping and traveling public

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and the railways compulsory, and has established the Interstate Commerce Commission as a permanent rate arbitration board, it has not, by making arbitration of labor disputes compulsory, provided for the maintenance of transportation; and by relegating the arbitration of such disputes to inexpert bodies improvised for each occasion, it has failed to provide either for the scientific regulation of wages or for the maintenance of any fair relationship between wages and rates.

The train service employees, by carrying on a national movement for increases in their wages, have made the question of railway wages and their arbitration one of immediate national importance and one, therefore, with which the national Government should promptly deal. There is as much reason why wages should be arbitrated as why rates should be. In fact, there is more, for no dispute over rates could lead to a complete interruption of transportation service, while the very wage dispute now pending may do this. Now, no calamity worse than a general interruption of railway service could befall the country except a great war. It would throw practically all railway employees out of work. It would inflict enormous losses on investors. It would shut down every industrial plant, for it would render it impossible to get raw materials in or finished products out. It would close every mine, for mines cannot be operated unless their products are promptly taken away. It would bring quick starvation to the people of our cities; for they are dependent on the railways for their food supplies from day to day. In 1912 a strike of the engineers and firemen of the Eastern railroads was threatened. The distinguished citizens composing the arbitration board which settled the controversy were so impressed with the dire results which would have followed a strike affecting only the eastern part of the country that they made a report advocating with great force compulsory arbitration of railway labor disputes. How much more terrible would be a strike which would stop railway transportation throughout the United States!

Whether the demands of the train service employees are justifiable is a question as susceptible of intelligent and fair determination as any of those innumerable questions arising between individuals and classes which are constantly submitted to the arbitrament of courts, commissions and other similar bodies. The railways stand willing to accept arbitra-

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tion, and the employees should not be allowed to refuse it. Neither the railways nor the employees are satisfied with the results gained under the Newlands-Erdman conciliation and arbitration law. The only Government body permanently possessed of information which will help in settling wage disputes fairly, which is composed of men who are always familiar with the situation of the railways as a whole, and which regulates throughout the country the rates from which wages are paid, is the Interstate Commerce Commission. The logic of the situation and the interests and rights of the employees, the railways and the public demand legislation providing for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, including the one pending, that may lead to interruptions of railway service, and delegating the duty of arbitration to the body which regulates the rates of railways and other phases of their business—the Interstate Commerce Commission.

SAMUEL O. DUNN.

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EPHEMERIS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

Above the river in a summer swoon
Hangs the still air, and in the warm embrace
Of afternoon
We too lie dumbly, full of soft delight.
The grass is sweet to smell:
We suck the white
Fresh ends of it, and the green pleasant place
Where we are lapped seems with that faint taste sweeter
Than any poppied isle in remote seas
To some divinely drowsy lotus-eater.
Long, long
We lie, and have no care for any human thing,
Save for the snatch of song
Where, bathing gaily, tawny-bodied boys
Upfling
The water round them; or from a child at play
Floats the shrill ripple of laughter far away.
And then sharp stillness, pointed by the stir
Of little winds among the boughs, wherethrough
The deep sky shines impenetrably blue.
Wrapped in that golden haze we weave at will
The scents and airs of summer's subtle loom;
Regretting but the moments as they pass,
The perished bloom
Of the wan day, that like the wind is gone;
And in the growing hush we watch her die;
And watch, beneath the same impersonal sky,
The wimpled river flowing grayly on.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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GIOVANNI PASCOLI

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THE recent literary history of Italy goes some way towards confirming the notion that an excessive personalism, an excessive lyricism, may be the literary aftermath of war. Alfred de Musset, at the outset of his *Confession d'un enfant du siècle*, trying to explain the malady of his generation, a malady of disillusionment and ultra-romanticism, lays it first of all to the Napoleonic wars. The children of his generation, he says, born of anxious, sometimes sorrow-stricken mothers, and brought up in the absence of their soldier fathers, although they developed slowly, with inadequate bodies and strained nerves, yet knew all the while that they were living in a world where glory was the rule. But when they arrived at manhood, the wars over, they found themselves forced to live in a world emptied of glory. Brought up on emotion, bred to the habit of intensity, now that external objects were no longer engrossing enough to engage them, they turned inward upon their own life, and the French Romantic Movement was one of the results.

So the long heroic period of Italian history, the years of her self-sacrificing struggle for independence, has been succeeded by an era of literary production in which her classic tradition has suffered a like interruption. Mr. Santayana has said recently that "great works of art appear only in ages of moral unity or immediately after," and certainly, during her years of striving, Italy had her unifying great poet in Carducci. His verse was as objective, as heroic, as impersonal, as war itself. He shared the deep passion of his day, but spent it upon objects outside his own life,—upon patriotism, nature, art, the past. His great period extended for nearly a score of years after the wars were ended, but then began to grow up and to sing the generation that had

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been nurtured in war and had grown up to peace. The change is striking. Carducci's own immediate successor, not only to the laureateship of Italian poetry but more literally to his professor's chair at Bologna, was a man who, if he loved all that Carducci loved, loved also all that he hated—sentiment, the romantic spirit, Christianity. Withal he was one of the most purely personal poets who ever wrote. Much more so even than Musset, since to write of love, as the French poet did, is to be, while personal, universal; but Pascoli, whose love affairs were few or none, and pale, tells again and again with the utmost detail a story which is exclusively and peculiarly his own.

To Benedetto Croce, the great Italian critic, it seems that through all the work of the three chief figures in Italian literature of the last thirty years, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro and Pascoli, "there blows a breath of insincerity." For Pascoli, at least, this appears unjust, unless Croce means that form of unconscious insincerity which is sentimentality. For Pascoli was not consciously insincere (as it would not be hard to prove that D'Annunzio, for example, is); but a tragedy darkened his life and he never recovered from it, never tried to, and he never ceased striving for the complete artistic expression of it. Yet, appalling as that tragedy was, a lifetime of emotion spent upon it was too much. It would be too much for any event of purely personal significance; in the end there would always seem a disproportion between the emotion and its object, and such disproportion is what we must suppose sentimentality to be. But let us examine the source of Pascoli's melancholy. It is real enough to make any criticism seem unkind. And indeed it is not easy, even for the critic, to avoid Pascoli's sentimental note in speaking of his life.

Pascoli was born, of honorable burgher stock, in 1855, the fourth of ten children. His childhood, spent in and near the little village of San Mauro, in the province of Forlì, was warmed by a domestic life which must have been sweet, to have left such a fragrant memory all his days. But clouds soon began to drift across the quiet sky. When Pascoli was seven, quite old enough to feel the darkness and strangeness of the event, a little sister died, under a year old. When he was ten, another died at the age of five. Two years later, in the summer of 1867, fell the heartbreaking blow from which the affectionate little household never recovered. On the

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10th of August of that year, Ruggiero, the head and father of the family, as he was driving homeward from a neighboring village, was set upon and murdered in the public highway. The spirited gray mare, which had been harnessed into his cart in the morning, came home with slow steps at evening, dragging the reins, with her master's broken body across her back.

The event always wore for the poet an historic, an epic aspect. All the details of it, such as grief loves to feed upon, appear and reappear in his pages until we feel that there are few occurrences in our own lives that we know as well as we do this childhood sorrow of a man we never saw. The fullest narration he gives us is in a poem entitled *A Memory,* which serves not only as a piece of biography, but as an illustration of the defects of Pascoli's method, which we are to consider later. It describes that sorrowful day in the family annals as a child's letter might; it is as vivid, and almost as shockingly naïve:

A pair of cooing turtle-doves close by
Were brooding in the straw. My mother said:
"Come early home." "Thou knowest I shall fly!"
"Don't drive too fast, the mare is scarcely broken."
"She minds me well enough. "Good-bye." "Good-bye."
"Alone? Why not take Jen?" "Oh, I expect
To meet that gentleman from Rome." "That's true.
We'll go to meet thee towards San Mauro. Look
For us beside the wayside cross." "I'll see you!"

Then Margherita, the big sister, said:
"Father?" "What fearest thou?" "We heard to-day
Of bandits killing folk along the roads."
My father bent towards her with a smile,
Shaking wise head. My mother looked at her
With those dear mother eyes, as if to say:
"How canst thou think such thoughts?" The swallows came
And went, joyous about their happy nests.

My father stroked the mare, which rubbed her head
Against him trustfully. The traces, girths,
He felt with care, then picking up the reins,
Tranquil and grave, he turned to say good-bye,
My mother near, her youngest by the hand.
His foot was on the step. The youngest one
Caught at his whip, and cried "Papa! Papa!"

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He felt the whip caught in a tiny clutch,
As in a strand of looped convolvulus.
A wee, young hand was clasping it, a hand
So young it could not close around anything.
The baby 'twas, who twisted round the whip
Her small pink fingers, crying: "No, no, no!"

My father took her on his shoulder, hoarse
With weeping, kissed and kissed again her eyes
Drenched with strange grief. "Thou wilt not that I go?"
"No, no!" "Why not? I'll bring thee pretty things."
"No, no!" He put her down. Her fingers stretched
Still for the whip, one hand upon his knee.

No sound that sunny morning save her cries.
The mare's sharp hoofs no longer scraped the flags,
She turned her slender head towards the child.
Poor baby, she was not yet two years old,
She still slept in her cradle, and her cries
Were just a baby's still. My father said:
"Nay, I'll not go." And the doves cooed close by.

Jen, at a sign, then led away the mare,
(She sharply neighed as she was led away)
And left her waiting at the other door.
My father kissed the child, said, "See, I go not.
Come in, I change my mind, and stay with thee.
For surety, for a pledge, keep thou my whip."

She quivered like a ruffling bird, then still,
She clasped the bamboo whip between her hands,
And waited. She waits still. For nevermore
Returned the father, nevermore was seen
Within his house. That night they carried him
Away, they stretched him on a marble bed.

His head was gashed, one hand was stained with blood.
They said, ah yes, they said that he was strong,
That but for this he had lived many years.
Maria, sister, that pledge left with thee,
That something of our father that was left,
The whip in thy small hand—where is it now?

The destruction of the wage-earner reduced the family income; but they had a house and garden in the village of San Mauro, and a pension from the Prince of Torlonia, whose steward Ruggiero had been. But death and sorrow

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had not done with them yet. In the year after Ruggiero's death, the eldest child, Margherita, died of typhoid at sixteen, and within a month the mother followed her, worn out with grieving. Three years later Luigi, Giovanni's next oldest brother, died of meningitis, and shortly after that Giovanni's early sweetheart, a weaver girl, died of consumption. Five years later his oldest brother, Giacomo, the only married one, died, and his two small children after him, leaving Giovanni the head of a family which now consisted of his brothers Raffaello and Giuseppe, his sisters Ida and Maria, and the widowed sister-in-law. He was only twenty-one, when he had acquired this extraordinary familiarity with death. The effect of it was to give him to an unusual degree a sense of the equality of the two words, of death and of life. Like the little girl in Wordsworth's poem, he counted the living and the dead as members of one family, sharers of one interest and affection, and for the rest of his life the larger census of those near to him must be taken in the tomb. "Sad and only house of my kinsfolk," he calls it. Yet with this vivid sense of death as the reverse face of life, and of its equality with it, he held no religious faith. To Christianity he was indeed sympathetic, he called it "the poetry of the universe," and even liked to keep a candle lighted before the Virgin's picture above his hearth. But he did not so much believe in as enjoy the Christian religion. His attitude was rather indulgent than devout. If his dead spoke to him, they spoke from no mansion in the skies, but directly from the tomb, as in the poem *All-Souls' Day,* where they complain of the cruel winter that shakes their house, of their loneliness now that their living children are far, of anxiety for the two young sisters. Always they are near by, melancholy, sweet and sacred companions, idealized by long absence, but still full of the cares and loves that absorbed them living.

But to return to the outward events of Pascoli's life: In 1873, when he was eighteen, he won a scholarship at the University of Bologna, which two years later he forfeited by an escapade that led to his allying himself for the next five years with the *Internazionale,* an anarchist association which flourished in ever-turbulent Bologna. We read of a newspaper called the *Hammer,* which was edited in a tailor's kitchen (where penniless Giovanni could at least keep warm); it was suppressed almost as often as it appeared, and if Giovanni's more discreet brother Raffaello had not shared

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his poor lodging and a crust, Giovanni must have starved. As it was, he roused the suspicions of the authorities sufficiently to cause his arrest, and his subjection, after the quaint Italian fashion, to nearly three months of "preventive imprisonment." This proved both preventive and curative, and he emerged to set himself steadily to one near duty—that of completing his education, securing a position, and finally establishing a home to which to bring his sisters. They were then at school at the convent at Sogliano, but after four years he received the appointment which enabled him to realize his dream, and fulfil, as he deemed, his obligations to the dead. There in the Lunigiana, his sisters joined him, and there was begun the long idyllic story of a fraternal and sisterly devotion which is pictured in many of his poems, and which has already become a legend in literary Italy. The small united group had to suffer frequent transplantations at first, to suit the exigencies of the Italian governmental system of professorial appointment. Three years at Massa were followed by eight at Leghorn, which saw the beginning of literary production in both Italian and Latin. It was then that he began to compete annually for the Amsterdam prize in Latin poetry. One supposes that his competitors in this neglected literary activity may have been few, but whoever they were, they found in Pascoli a formidable rival; year after year, with discouraging regularity, he won at least honorable mention, and captured the gold medal fourteen times in a score of years. The medals brought him better than honors. In 1895, his sister Ida married, leaving him alone with Maria, who had been the importunate baby of the morning of their father's dying day, and for their life together, which Pascoli perhaps foresaw was to last as long as he should live, he desired a house of his own. He would gladly have bought back the house where they had dwelt at San Mauro as children, and from whose garden he had borne away a slip of lemon verbena which had survived all their peregrinations; but the owner held out too high a price, so another house was found far up the valley of the Serchio, at Castelvecchio di Barga. Pascoli melted up the gold medals from Amsterdam, and bought it. Here he settled happily with Maria, and here they lived a life that was all poetry, written and unwritten. They had a dog, named Gulì, which appears frequently in verse, and a garden, and a balcony; there was always a welcome for the visitor, a favorite dish of

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fritta mista for Puccini, a special bed-chamber for D'Annunzio, and the lemon verbena of their childhood had its last replanting. Their stay suffered the long interruption of seven years at Messina, but they joyfully returned upon their summons back to Pisa, and when in 1905 Carducci retired from his post at Bologna, not naming his choice for successor, Pascoli was the students' choice,—either Pascoli or D'Annunzio. As in those days, at least, the choice of D'Annunzio was an unthinkable one, the Minister offered the post to Pascoli.

Pascoli's teaching of literature does not seem to have been so satisfactory as his earlier work in language and grammar. This may have been because he already bore within him the seeds of the cruel disease of which he was to die. Years before, in one of those albums which aim to dissect character according to preferences in the matter of colors, tunes, heroines of fiction, and manner of death, in answer to the query: "What do you consider the greatest misfortune?" Pascoli had written: "To die too soon." This greatest misfortune befell him. He died in 1912 at the age of fifty-seven, in a feverish activity of unfinished work, begging the doctors for two more years, and mourned by the entire peninsula. He was buried at Castelvecchio, and there in the much sung little house and garden lives Maria to this day.

Out of the life with his sisters, especially that with Maria alone, in the little house bought with gold, grew Pascoli's most characteristic volumes—*Myricae* ("Herbs"), the *Songs of Castelvecchio,* and the first and second series of *Poemetti.* It was a modest life, close to the ground. They dwelt in a little village, in a little garden without a servant. The primary activities of living went on under their eyes. A nest of wild bees in the room he chose for his study Pascoli did not permit to be disturbed, hoping, by watching theirs, to mend his own habits of work. He breaks off one poem to go and knead the bread. It was a very real life, and a life of very little things. Indeed, Pascoli is the poet of very little things: the broom in the corner has its song, and the kneading-board, and the pan bubbling with fat upon the stove. The flowers and herbs in the garden, the birds called each by name, the dog, the church bell across the valley, clothing boiling in the huge copper kettle or spread to dry upon the grass, clouds, rain, sun, winds, a few faintly

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sketched village characters, his sister, his memories—these, used again and again, always with simplicity, sweetness, and frank enjoyment, are Pascoli's poetic subjects. A world of small, vivid, present actualities, a child's world. And presented, as we realize on reflection, with almost a child's want of discrimination. Dogs, flowers and human beings are in the same plane. The likeness is not accidental; for when in 1907, completing a study he had published in part ten years earlier, he issued his literary manifesto, stated his poetic platform, its core and center was precisely the statement that the poet's world is the child's world.

So the poet who was said by Stevenson to have died young in all of us is a little child, a *fanciullino,* as Pascoli calls him. And what things interest him? Not romantic love, certainly, nor his own psychology, nor philosophy. It is external objects that attract him, especially the near and the little; and these, according to Pascoli, are the subject-matter of your true poet. Homer, says Pascoli, was such a poet. We are to think of him as an old blind man whom a little child led by the hand. The child tells him what it sees, and he sings of it. "It is not love," says Pascoli, in a long passage in which he describes the *fanciullino,* "it is not women, however fair and goddess-like, that interest little children, but bronze shields and war-chariots and distant journeys and storms at sea. So such things were recounted to Homer by his *fanciullino,* and he made his report in his own infantile speech. He returned from villages perhaps no more distant than the hamlet which lies up nearest the shepherds on the mountainside; but he talked of it to other children who had never been there at all. He talked at length, with enthusiasm, telling the particulars one after another, omitting nothing. For to him everything that he had seen appeared new and beautiful, and it seemed to him must appear to his auditors beautiful and new. He was always engraving upon his discourse a mark to know each thing by. He would say that the ships were black, that they had their prows painted, . . . that the sea was of diverse colors, was always in motion, was salty, was foamy. So as not to be misunderstood, he would repeat the same thought under another form, and say, 'very little, by no means much,' . . . He can never be too clear: 'The chicks were eight, nine with the mother, who had made the chicks.' . . . For the blind man's *fanciullino* did not seek to do himself honor, but only

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to be understood; he never exaggerated, because the facts which he recounted seemed to him wonderful enough just as they were."

His Homeric *fanciullino* had a profound influence upon Pascoli's language. For if one sets out to present as many objects as a child sees, one must have names for them, and Pascoli found Italian poetry still bound under the classical tradition of a " poetic " vocabulary. Specific words, names of things familiar to prose, were excluded. There had been some argument on this before Pascoli. D'Amicis had recommended, in a volume on language (*L'idioma gentile*), that young poets study the special vocabularies of the carpenter's shop and the smithy, of the garden and the dairy and the kitchen; and Croce had attacked this theory very bitterly, asking if it were intended that young Italians should become cooks in order to become poets. But few English readers will disagree with Pascoli's desire to extend the vocabulary of poetry. Indeed, one of the great difficulties at first for the English reader of Italian verse (with the bright exception of Dante) is its too generalized vocabulary. Even such personal lyrists as Petrarch and Leopardi, although they deal minutely with their own psychology, generalize external objects to excess. Once, it is true, Leopardi does specify roses and violets as combined in the nosegay of his village beauty, and Pascoli maliciously inquires whether we are to suppose Leopardi believed them to be in blossom at the same season.

Now Pascoli was not a stranger to anything that bloomed or sang near his study. From his books might be compiled a manual of the flora and fauna of the Lunigiana. His bird names defy the Italian Unabridged, perhaps even the Italian bird books. As a reviewer said of the late Madison Cawein, he " wrote with exactness of dittany and the yellow puckworth [or their Italian equivalents] of mallow, ironweed, bluet and jewel-weed, the cohosh, oxalis and Indian pipe." To be sure, he overdid his search for the *mot juste;* he ransacked the dialects of all the localities where he lived, borrowed from the queer Americanized Italian of returned emigrants, and invented onomatopoetic vocabularies for the birds and the frogs, for pots and pans and brooms, for the bicycle-bell and the church-bell, and was driven at last to insert glossaries in his volumes of verse. But English readers, since the Romantic Movement banished our own classical

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canon, are not to be abashed by the homely, and it is hard for us to sympathize with Croce's rather savage criticism of Pascoli's use in poetry of the Bolognese dialect form of his own name Giovanni—Zvanì. It occurs in the poem entitled *The Voice,* wherein he tells how his mother's remembered voice at critical moments has recalled him to duty by speaking in his ear his pet-name, "Zvanì." What, says Croce, use a trivial dialect word to represent the high speech of the dead? He thinks it almost irreverent, certainly in bad taste. Yet Dante does not disdain to repeat fragments of baby-talk in the august circles of the Inferno; and if our dead came back to us speaking only the stately idiom of Heaven, would they not more embarrass us than comfort?

Such, then, is Pascoli's theory of poetry, and at first thought it is a seductive one. The *fanciullino* describes what it sees—describes the beautiful externals of the world and the minute things of the hearthside, and we remember and are glad. But on second thought we remember how many things we are interested in that our *fanciullino* knows nothing of. Love and philosophy do interest us; are we to hear nothing of them in our poetry? No, says Pascoli, love is not poetic, but dramatic, and he cites as an example Roland, who in *Roland Enamoured* is merely dramatic, not poetic as he was in the old French epic. Very true. But the difference lies less in the subject-matter than in the manner of presenting it. Thuroldus the minstrel was in earnest, Boiardo in the same degree was not. And we may argue that the analogy with Homer breaks down at the same point. He sang of a world that was comparatively new to everybody, to auditors who had not yet seen it reflected in literature. He had the delight of giving things their first literary shape. To name them in poetry for the first time was in some measure to create them. He and his hearers were all young together, as young as the *fanciullino.* But for a modern poet to strive to denude himself of all we have since acquired of sophistication and sublety, to try consciously to be as naïve as Homer, is to adopt so limited a point of view as to make himself almost a *poseur.* Is this what Croce meant, perhaps, by the breath of insincerity? At any rate, it partly explains that form of insincerity, sentimentality, for whose presence we were prepared. For if we rule out from the realm of poetry passion and thought, we must throw an undue weight of feeling into the more purely idyllic aspects of human life

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—family affection, childhood, the sweet minutiæ of country life. More emotion will find its way into such things than they will hold. It is clear that if we are to have poetry written exclusively by the *fanciullino,* it must be small in scope. Very beautiful in kind, no doubt; it might have included the *Faerie Queene,* "Tiger, tiger, burning bright!" *Snow-Bound, The Lake Isle of Innisfree;* but the *fanciullino* could never have written the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Adonaïs, The Hound of Heaven,* or *The Blot in the Scutcheon.* Matthew Arnold, Milton, Austin Dobson, to name but three, could hardly have written at all if they had had to listen to their *fanciullino,* for it is much to be doubted whether they had one. The *fanciullino* could not write dramatic poetry, nor meditative poetry, nor love poetry; he could not even write lyric poetry, because for this it is not enough to be personal: one must be personal about one's emotions, and Pascoli is content to remember incidents without telling, as Petrarch did, how they made him feel. "All recollection," he says in one of his prefaces, "is poetry. Poetry is only recollection." But in such a poem as *A Memory,* it is more than recollection, it is "total recall." For the *fanciullino* is no artist; his memory is no more selective than a child's. Even in *A Memory* the translator would prefer to suppress certain lines as being too strained, too sentimental. What is an English translator to make of a line of blank verse which runs: "No, no! Papa! No, no! Papa! No, no!" Or take this poem, *The Elder Sister,* written of Margherita, who died at sixteen:

She rocked to sleep the baby brother,
  She mended what the rest had torn;
She knew not, little maiden-mother,
  How we are born.

She'd sit and careful stitches set,
  In her small corner, busy, wise,
For babies Mother was to get
  From the skies.

But now the sparrows chirp their lay,
  Around a little cross near by,
For well she learned, poor child, one day
  How we die.

Allowing for the drawbacks of translation, is not this perfect in construction, as well as poetic in feeling? But the

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fanciullino has no feeling for construction, he does not know how much is enough, so he goes on writing until his little poem runs to three times this length.

If, then, the *fanciullino* be too literal to write acceptably of his own life, too young for philosophy or love, what kind of poetry can he write? What kind can be written on Pascoli's theory? The epic, perhaps,—though not such epics as *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy;* but certainly the nature poem and the idyl; for these, the *fanciullino's* eye for little things, his very literalness, are qualities and not defects. And for these, Pascoli's gifts were of the first order—the fidelity of his memory, his minute powers of observation, more than all, perhaps, his feeling for place. This, we have been told recently by an English poet, is deeply characteristic of English poets. One of their great accomplishments, according to Mr. John Masefield, has been their consecration of place; "they made places interesting simply by mentioning them." This has not been a quality of Italian poets. Their poetry has never had a strongly native hue. They seem not to feel the poetry of Italy as Englishmen feel the poetry of England, and when they do, it is of some part that is a little strange to them; the Piedmontese will thrill to the beauty of Naples, a Central Italian pay a compliment to Venice. But Pascoli has a truly English love for his own corner, his own Romagna, his own village, which he succeeds in communicating to us. The poetic *carte du tendre* must hereafter have marked upon it San Mauro, Castelvecchio, the church of San Niccolò, the village of San Pietro in Campo. When Pascoli says "halfway between San Mauro and Savignano," he evokes at once the glare of long white road, the procession of small shapely hills to one side and the rows of mulberries looped with grape-vines stretching away to the other, with far ahead a tiny walled city of rose-tinged gray fitting a hill-top like a coronet, that the traveler to Italy remembers with love.

Pascoli's most delightful and most successful work is to be found in the idyls of the volumes called *Poemetti,* in which he treats his material in a manner somewhat more impersonal and objectified than in *Myricae* and the *Songs of Castelvecchio.* It is the poets in this world who have chiefly taught us our expectations; and if life does not often meet them, we do not therefore bear any grudge against the poets; rather we love to be so deceived, and are grateful to each new

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one who gives us fresh expectation, who encourages us to feel intensely, to believe that life is to be felt intensely about. The sight of one who seems to find contentment in small, old-fashioned things casts a glamour over our own quiet common-place, and colors it with romance. This is a thing Pascoli can preëminently do for us,—above all by idealizing country life; and in this series of little pictures of the daily life of a single family of *contadini,* he found the happiest use for the talents of his *fanciullino.* These poems are a kind of modern Italian Georgics, dealing under the same skies and against the same landscape with the descendents of those who ploughed or kept bees in the Virgilian poems. His family of peasants are hardly more characterized than the speakers of an eclogue, but as we see the little group about their daily tasks, Pascoli's exquisite details, delicate and clear as a Japanese print, reveal to us anew the beauty of patriarchal life, the vivid sense of reality and stability which inheres in a life that must be built up afresh out of its elements every morning—water drawn, fires laid, meals made ready—and the poetry in each one of these activities that minister so directly to living. From this series of minute idyls, which picture everything from the gathering of olives to the boiling of linen, I choose one called *In the House.* This kind of poetry suffers most, unfortunately, from translation, since it depends most on atmosphere and vocabulary, least on form and idea, and it is perhaps to do Pascoli a dis-service to try to render these idyls at all. But in them speaks the *fanciullino* at his best, and they are a perfect illustration of the author's poetic theory:

As white-armed Rosa set the shutters wide,
A lark's song hailed her, distant and enskied.

The church-bell clanged near by to greet the dawn;
The dog rose, shook the dew off with a yawn;

A hen was clucking. Now the church-bell's tongue
Fell silent, and was heard the chaffinch-song,

And through the fields, still tinged with violet,
The screech of pruning-knife to grindstone set.

All shutters open now, the rustling broom
Passed sharply, swiftly, up and down the room.

Smoke from the chimney hung on the still air.
A clatter sounded 'mongst the kitchenware.

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The gold-haired girl was weaving; shuttle flew,
And warping-rope and combing-carder too.

The maiden sang, and as she sang there came,
Twixt song and clack of carder, her own name,—

"Rosina," someone called. She rose and went
Into the kitchen, on swift errand bent.

"Daughter," her mother said, "now sift the meal,
(While I these tufts and heads of succory peel,

And fry a sprig of garlic chopped up small),
And make polenta—good for the rich, poor, all!

Your father'll not be home till curfew-bell.
You know, with grain, to hurry's always well.

Too soon is sometimes bad, late always is.
Already now the tired cicada sees

The end of Summer. On this heavy air
The first storm broods. The ducks begin to fare

To southward, with swift whir of wings
Above the house; the cricket sadly sings."

Rosa obeyed the wonted fond command.
Under the kettle, with her strong white hand,

She laid the wood (the water hums and sings);
The sieve between her hands as if on wings

Flew scattering the meal swift to and fro;
The meal fell softly in a golden snow.

And when she's drifted all in, bit by bit,
She mixed and stirred and slapped and kneaded it.

Then kneeling in the firelight's bright glow,
Softly detaching from the pan the dough

With a slim poplar-stick, she turned it out,
And wrapped it firmly in a clean white clout.

The mother poured a silent rivulet
Of oil into a pan, the pan then set

Upon the coals; when it began to boil
Quick on the herbs she poured the fragrant oil,

Then dish and all, polenta too, Rose took
And carried to her father by the brook.

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It is not impossible that there are poets who can address only our *fanciullino*. Perhaps Pascoli was one of them. We have no quarrel with this, since the idyllic is so beautiful and precious a kind of poetry; what we challenge is his erecting his own limitations into a theory, his saying that such, and such only, is poetry. But if he made the naïve mistake of building a rule and canon out of that kind of poetry which he chanced to be able to write, we may leave it to the historians of criticism to deal with his theories, while lovers of poetry will neglect them for his poems.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

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A NOTE ON ROSSETTI

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

SINCE Leonardo da Vinci and Blake, was there any painter except Rossetti who was so immensely gifted, and in such various ways?

I think that, in a certain sense, his imagination often worked under a single and a double inspiration. His genius was composed of so many contrasting elements that it may be said that a song and a picture were conceived by some sudden instinct; that, with his unflagging energy, he rarely knew in what direction his very impulses were leading him, where his sense of abstract beauty was driving him, as he passed from *La Bocca Bocciata* to *Dante's Dream*. He had in him a sense of rhythm so supreme that the cadences of a line of his verse has the same sweep of the hand as in a painted fan. With no passion for music as music, he gives one as actual a sense of it in a stanza of *The Bride's Prelude* as in the fixed eyes of one of his portraits of women.

I am not certain if Pater said quite the final thing when he wrote: "All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music." It was Leonardo da Vinci who said, in a more deeply imaginative way: "Music cannot be called other than the sister of painting." It may be imagined that music and harmony are co-existent: that they are "dancers in the eternal rhythm." Yet I cannot conceive, save rarely (as, for instance, in Giorgione), that any painter ever seriously thought of any connection between these two arts. Yet the legend is that, to the sound of flutes and the presence of mimes, Leonardo wove, year after year, the web of his magical *Gioconda*.

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It was one of Rossetti's glories to paint luxuriously luxurious women, surrounded by every form of luxury. And some of them are set to pose in Eastern garments, with caskets in their hands and flames about them, looking out with unsearchable eyes. His colors, before they began to have, like his forms, an exaggeration, a blurred vision which gave him the need of repainting, of depriving his figures of life, were as if charmed into their own places; they took on at times some strange and stealthy and startling ardors of paint, with a subtle fury. By his fiery imagination, his restless energy, he created a world: curious, astonishing, at first sight; strange, morbid, and subtly beautiful. Everything he made was chiefly for his own pleasure; he had a contempt for the outside world, and his life was so given up to beauty, in the search for it and in the finding of it, that one can but say not only that his life was passion consumed by passion, as his nerves became more and more his tyrants (tyrants, indeed, these were, more formidable and more alluring and more tempting than even the nerves confess), but also that, in the words of Pater: "To him life is a crisis at every moment."

There was in him, as in many artists, the lust of the eyes. And as others feasted their lust on elemental things, as in Turner's *Rain, Steam and Speed,* as in Whistler's *Valparaiso,* as in the *Olympia* of Manet, as in a *Décor de Ballet* of Degas, so did Rossetti upon other regions than theirs. He had neither the evasive and instinctive genius of Whistler, nor Turner's tremendous sweep of vision, nor the creative and fiercely imaginative genius of Manet. But he had his own way of feasting on forms and visions more sensuous, more nervously passionate, more occult, perhaps, than theirs. Yet, as his intentions overpowered him, as he becomes the slave and no longer the master of his dreams, his pictures become no longer symbolic. They become idols. Venus, growing more and more Asiatic as the moon's crescent begins to glitter above her head, and her name changes from Aphrodite into Astarte, loses all the freshness of the waves from which she was born, and her own sorcery hardens into a wooden image painted for savage worship. Dreams are no longer content to be turned into waking realities, taking the color of the daylight, that they may be visible to our eyes, but they remain lunar, spectral, an unintelligible menace.

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II

In the fire and imagination of Rossetti's genius there is intensity—of will, of conception, of spiritual intoxication, "of large draughts of intellectual day," and of "thirsts of love." There is a glamor and an enchantment that bring into modern verse a certain all but unheard-of sense of strangeness; as, for instance, where his verse is most tragic and narcotic, hallucinated and sinuously subtle. In his gnomic *Soothsay* he shows that no enchanter can ever be quite certain of his spells:

> Strive that thy works prove equal: lest
> That work which thou hast done the best
> Should come to be to thee at length
> (Even as to envy seems the strength
> Of others) hateful and abhorred,—
> Thine own above thyself made lord,—
> Of self-rebuke the bitterest.

It is equally certain that he rarely dared to let himself "do naught" for fear "of the soul's utter depths unsealed." And he said, with real subtlety, on his revision of one of his sonnets: "Solemn poetry belongs to the class of phrase absolutely forbidden, I think, *in* poetry. It is intellectually incestuous—poetry seeking to beget its emotional offspring on its own identity."

That Rossetti, whose face indicated voluptuousness brooding thoughtfully over destiny, was intensely sensitive, is true; and this made him a sort of medium to forces seen and unseen. So he fascinated women; so did the supernatural fascinate him. Next after Coleridge, his vision, lifted into its highest ecstasies, possessed and was possessed by the supernatural. It may begin in *Sister Helen* and end in *The King's Tragedy*. Between these comes *Rose Mary* (written in 1871), in which an occult imagination has created (in a medium unlike that of Coleridge), as an exorcist, a region where the supernatural element is constantly fused with inevitable realties; where one sees in the soul that was lost to bring it back

> A cloud where fiends had come to dwell,—
> A mask that hung from the gate of Hell.

And in the tragic woof of this conception there is that kind of wizardry in which, as it seems to me, Rossetti reclothes

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himself in the enchanter's robes of Coleridge. For, even in these two stanzas, one finds how the spirit of the first poet is translated into the spirit of the later poet:

> A snake's small eye blinks dull and sly,
> And the lady's eyes they shrank in her head,
> Each shrank up to a serpent's eye.
>
> It seemed a snake with a golden sheath
> Crept near, as a slow flame flickereth,
> And stung her daughter's heart to death.

Sister Helen (in a sense, his highest creation) is an arduous sensuous tragedy, where the soul and the senses of this creature endure "the terrible Love turned to Hate, perhaps the deadliest of all passion-woven complexities," visualized, by pure magic, on a small space of the earth, that lies between Hell and Heaven. And all this is only a part of that sense of suspense that comes over one's senses, as omen follows on omen, as Helen's pulses beat more wildly until they and she expire. And she, turned witch for a reason, transformed into a breathing and destroying angel, of no perdition, is driven by an absolute sense of vengeance to destroy her lover's life. She is simply possessed by the one fixed idea: she is one who has loved and hated too much to care even for her life's survival: she who can cry:

> He sees me in earth, in moon and sky.

She is one who knows that "Hate, born of Love, is blind as he," that she has not one drop of living love for the man whose soul is to pass before her eyes. Yet her one heart-rending cry before she sighs out the last, is:

> Fire shall forgive me as I forgive!

With this her strength leaves her; all that remains is death:

> A soul that's lost as mine is lost!

A Last Confession, the only poem that Rossetti wrote in blank verse, is more than a soul's tragedy: it is the tragedy of ruined hopes; of love's deceptions; a confession in which the imagination is not everything, so colored is it, so filled with fire and shadow. It is in one nervous crisis that he utters implacable words against woman: out of his heart's despair, out of the heart's despair of all of us who have known "the hatred of man for woman, the hatred of woman for man":

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> You have not known
> The dreadful soul of woman, who one day
> Forgets the old and takes the new to heart,
> Forgets what man remembers, and therewith
> Forgets the man.

Yet he has heard souls shriek in Latin; has heard the bell "strike the hour in hell"; has always before him the vision of the girl he has slain, who menaces him, always in his sight, in his hearing, in the laugh of the brown-shouldered harlot,—her coarse empty laughter, as he saw her lean out of the tavern window thick with vine. So, with one touch of vain hope—"we may have sweetness yet"—he turns back on himself, on his moment's madness, when fire was blood, and says, as one eternally hopeless, seeing her unwind her thick wet hair:

> For now she draws it out
> Slowly, and only smiles as yet; look, Father,
> She scarcely smiles; but I shall hear her laugh
> Soon, when she shows the crimson steel to God.

As for the flesh, when he touches it in his verses, it is intimate with the soul and the body, as clean and natural as sex; as he himself said: "with that beauty of natural universal function" which one finds in *Nuptial Sleep;* and "here all the passionate and just delights of the body are declared—somewhat figuratively, but unmistakably—to be as naught if not ennobled by the concurrence of the soul at all times." In *Eden Bower* there is also a "central universal meaning": a song that whirls on the wings of scented whirlwinds, as abnormal passions turn, in Lillith and the Snake, malignant. Again, take *Jenny,* so Pagan in spirit, so modern in treatment, where a mere sensual courtesan's form of life is explained to her (with what wonderful insight!) by the "Romeo of a night," with, certainly, a half cynical revulsion of feeling; and as certainly woven out of an eternal problem. And it is in such lines as these that he troubles many rhythms that had become stagnant:

> Some things which are not yet enrolled
> In market-lists are bought and sold
> Even till the early Sunday light
> When Saturday night is market-night
> Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
> And market-night in the Haymarket.

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Certainly it is in *Nuptial Sleep* that Rossetti has said, in his own fashion, what Blake had said before him in these lines:

> What is it men in women do require?
> The lineaments of gratified desire.
> What is it women do in men require?
> The lineaments of gratified desire.

But the less famous sonnet, *After the French Liberation of Italy*, is one in which the image of a woman is used literally —used for Italian reasons—in the form of a harlot; the most explicit sonnet ever written in regard to the question of the sexual relationship.

No modern poet ever had anything like the same grasp upon whatever is essential in poetry that Rossetti had; for all that he wrote or said about Art has in it an absolute rightness of judgment; and with these, as absolutely, an intellectual sanity. Here is one principle of artistic creation stated with instantaneous certainty: "Conception, *fundamental brain work*, that is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal as much as you like, but first take care that the gold was worth working." But it is, strangely enough, that at the beginning of a review of Hake's *Parables and Tales* he says the final, the inevitable words on creation, and on what lies in the artist's mind before the act of creation: "The first and highest is that where the work has been all mentally 'cartooned,' as it were, beforehand by a process intensely conscious, but patient and silent—an occult evolution of life: then follows the glory of wielding words, and we see the hand of Dante, as the hand of Michelangelo—or almost as that quickening hand which Michelangelo has dared to embody—sweep from left to right, fiery and final."

That the spirit is greater than the flesh, that the spirit can never be reached by killing the flesh, is no new discovery; it is the wise interpretation by a modern critic of the original meaning. And it certainly typifies the creative work of Blake and of Rossetti; and of these alone. Yet while Rossetti's grip on the flesh is sensuous and luxurious, Blake's is imaginative and unsensuous. Yet in both how eagerly the soul struggles to escape the thraldom of the body!—Blake in his writhing convulsed figures in Dantesque agonies; Rossetti in his women's haunting, half-mystical eyes, thrilled (as the full red lips are) by the main desire of

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the one desire: to be loved, as only absolute beauty is loved.

To him *The House of Life* (really, in his imagination, The House of Love: as there is no mystic to whom love has not seemed to be the essence or ultimate expression of the soul) was symbolic, as are our bodies. Instinctively drawn to faces (chiefly women's faces), he narrowed his ideals, such as they were, into this one form of intensity: his obsession for beauty, which included his obsession for women. And as he said of beauty, "I draw it in as simply as my breath," so did his thirst for these two increase with the increase of years.

Again, his seclusion was simply for lack of enough sympathy: he wanted in life more, I think, than did most men of such genius as he had. For what sense of peace can one restless soul give to another?

Yes, as Watts-Dunton said in his fundamental criticism of Rossetti: "He was the slave of his imagination—an imagination of a power and dominance such as I have never seen equaled. Of his vividness, no artistic expression of his can give any notion. He had not the smallest command over it."

The tremulous flame of his soul was disturbed by a mere breath, a sound, a shock on his nerves; more than anything else by suspense—on his own account and on others'; and simply for the reason that his sensitiveness was so intense that it interpenetrated his work with his life. And he was one of those rare artists to whom these verses might be applied:

> Henceforth for each of us remains the world.
> The gates have closed behind us, we are hurled
> From the fixed paradise of our content
> Into an outer world of banishment,
> And, in this anger of the garden's Lord,
> His serene angel with the fiery sword
> Has yet more pitilessly cast us forth,
> You by the gate that looks upon the North,
> And I by the gate looking on the South.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO QUIETUDE

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Among the quiet hills and the peace-haunted valleys of northern Connecticut the world is not what Pater called "importunately visible." That cathedral of which he loved to speak, "where the soul seemed to be taking refuge," you may dream into existence for yourself in the dim coolness of a pine wood upon a slope high above the valley, which is, you would swear, a week's journey from paved streets and the dusty tread of crowds. Upon the mysteries of this forest sanctuary the outer world intrudes not even a little way; and here, if you choose,—here, in this enfolding quiet that is as near to the music of silence as you will ever come,—you can transform the murmuring stillness that is diffused through the violet and silver dusk into the low voices of monks or priests reciting their evening office . . . you fancy you could almost make out the words if you listened closely enough—"*Tu autem in nobis es, Domine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocatum est super nos.*"

In this place full of peace and dreams, you may recall that an unremembered Platonist has told us that the hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live: and here, in this lovely world of sweet solitudes and hushed airs and rich emerald distances, where the clamorous din of contending voices and conflicting aims is almost softened into gentleness—here, marvellously enough, you may, if you will, sup full of beauty. For among these summer hills a certain large-visioned and munificent idealist is pleased yearly to call into being, for the delight of his friends and neighbors of the countryside and for the greater glory of art, a festival of music-making, to which certain not wholly unregenerate denizens of the outer world are privileged to come. But this music-loving

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Mæcenas of the New England hills is so modest and self-effacing in the pursuit of his unique beneficence that you might read exhaustively through the printed programme of the Festival without once coming upon his name. You will learn only of the memorable proceedings of "The Litchfield County Choral Union," and of certain activities of distinguished composers, singers, orchestras, conductors, pianists, and violinists at their meetings in the simple concert-hall (they are content to call it merely "The Music Shed") at Norfolk, in that border country of Connecticut where the Berkshires, in their gracious abundance, overflow out of Massachusetts.

It was to attend these noteworthy proceedings that a privileged though unworthy alien from the outer turbulence undertook a pilgrimage to those haunts of quietude, made lyric for a time by the beneficently magic wand of Mæcenas —who shall, in the course of this brief chronicle, be legendary no more; for he is, as a multiude of grateful music-lovers are well aware, none other than Carl Stoeckel,— enlightened enthusiast, patron, and connoisseur. There was to be much and consequential music-making at this 1916 Festival; but chiefly and engagingly, for the pilgrim, there was to be the first performance anywhere (important *premières* are a treasured specialty at these meetings) of a new composition by one of the greatest masters of music now living: Charles Martin Loeffler, whose earlier symphonic works—*La Mort de Tintagiles, La Bonne Chanson, A Pagan Poem*—with his incomparable songs and chamber-music, have won for him a fame of rare and enviable quality.

There was a beguiling fitness in the circumstance that this symphony of Loeffler's was suspected to be, in part, a fulfillment of the advice of Jefferies to all sick children of the world: "Let us leave this beating and turning over of empty straw; let us return to the streams and the hills; let us ponder by night in view of the stars." The composer has asked us to see with him, in this tone-poem, a wearied and contemplative wanderer, wrought upon, you fancy, by

> . . . the fretful stir
> Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

following the eternal dream: a wanderer passing through a land (he tells us) "of ever-changing enchantments, where clouds moved like a procession of nuns over the hills, or de-

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scended upon a lake, changing it into a mysterious gray sea. From far away (he continues) came a curious tolling of village church bells. On the slope above, a shepherd piped to his flocks. At last the pilgrim stood before the cathedral of a Benedictine Monastery, contemplating its beauty—even the grotesque beauty of the gargoyles, placed on the house of worship to ward off evil spirits. In the church, with its rose-window still aglow with the last evening light, the office of compline—known to the Benedictine monks as *Hora Mystica*—was tendered to God, and peace descended into the soul of the pilgrim."

Here, then, was to be a translation into music of the meditations and the moods of one who, having (as the Upanishads say) crossed over all the sorrows of the heart: having wandered and dreamed upon the hills and in the fields and valleys, had now turned his heart inward toward the silence of that holy of holies where, "with half-parted lips, the Infinite murmurs its ancient story," and where there is a light that shines, as Shankara tells us, like a light within a vase.

And as it had been foreshadowed, so it proved to be. The music was evocative, transforming. As we listened, the long June twilight falling slowly through the lilac-scented stillness outside became, for us, one with the enchantment that entered the soul of the pilgrim who spoke to us from the music. Through the open doors and windows the encircling hills, a deepening purple against the luminous amber of the sunset sky; the hushed valley with its distant shining stream; the tremulous stillness of the fields: these things were touched with magic, caught up and merged, by the witchery of the tone-poet, into the pictures unfolded in his music—became one with the communicated vision of the rhapsodist. You forgot that shepherds no longer pipe to their flocks upon the New England hills—if indeed they ever did: under the poet's spell, the liquid silver of the thrush's song, that rose and sank through the amethyst dusk, became that lonely fluting upon the hills. And when the passionate brooding and aspiration of the Adagio—music that was as a cry straight from the heart—led us at last, amid the chiming of the monastery bells, into the enwrapping holiness of the cathedral, with the chanting monks kneeling under the fading jeweled light. . . . "*Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle* . . ." then you might

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well have been minded of the reflection of Jeremy Taylor: "If a man were but of a day's life, it is well if he lasts till evensong, and then says his compline an hour before the time."

So, at the end, you were left, through the miraculous agency of a great and transfiguring art, with a blend of reality and dream,—a reality of haunted richness and glamorous beauty, a dream half vision and half reverie; and it is likely that, forever after, you will think of the immemorial holiness and quiet of an old cathedral in terms of the holiness and quiet of a summer night among dim hills, where the songs of thrushes and of shepherd's pipings are blended in a fantasy of melancholy sweetness, and the chants of worshiping monks are wrought out of the immortal ritual of the heart's peace.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE ART OF WRITING[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Once upon a time that virtuoso of colored and flashing prose, James Huneker, wrote a tragic story about a man of letters who was obsessed by an unattainable ideal of style. In Mr. Huneker's ironic and acrid tale (it is one of those masterly studies of the æsthetic soul called *Melomaniacs*), the man, of course, dies unsatisfied—for, in a day of best-sellers and machine-made prose, he had dreamed of "long, sweeping phrases, drumming with melody, cadences like the humming of slow uplifting walls of water tumbling on sullen strands." He had fallen in love with the English language, and sat adoringly at the feet of each of its gods in turn. He sought to distill into his prose the virtues of Milton and De Quincey, Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, Burke and Charles Lamb, Sterne and Pater and Stevenson. Inevitably, he died defeated, a frustrate voluptuary of letters, leaving unfinished his formidable master-work: a bulky mass of manuscript, the pages of which were virginal of ink save for a single sentence of elaborate and chiselled beauty.

If Mr. Huneker's insatiate *prosateur* had lived, he might not have consummated his masterpiece; but he might easily have forestalled Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A., Fellow of Jesus College and King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, urbane and gifted essayist, and (incredible though it be) a pedagogue who is at once an illuminating teacher and an essential artist. That is to say, he might have achieved Sir Arthur's treatise, *On*

[1] *On the Art of Writing.* By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1916.

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the Art of Writing. For Sir Arthur, like Mr. Huneker's tragical hero, is also, palpably and without shame, in love with the English language. It is a delightful anomaly: for not only is Sir Arthur in love with the language, but he is—as too few in America are aware—an accomplished practitioner of that art of which he is so obviously and flagrantly enamored; and who ever heard of such a man writing a treatise on English composition? We repeat, and you will agree, that here is an anomaly.

Surely there were disaffecting experiences for many of us who, in our callow yearning for advice and illumination, confided in sundry Guides to Good Writing. There were, to be sure, the Supermen: those masters of style who had, in expansive moments of counsel, spoken to us out of their wisdom. You could read Cicero on Style, or Quintilian on Style, or Goethe, or Newman, or Pater, or Flaubert, or Stevenson on Style—or, if you were born only a little while ago, you could read Mr. Galsworthy on Style. But all this was chiefly valuable for those who had themselves attained to some degree of mastery: here, for the most part, were road-maps to Parnassus that were useful only after you had got half-way up. So, in a moment of desperation, you turned (let us say) to that excellent treatise, *The King's English*, by Messrs. H. W. and F. G. Fowler. Perusing hopefully those sagacious and instructive pages, you came suddenly upon this rule: "*Prefer the Saxon word to the Romance.*" Whereupon there flowed out of your memory lines from certain great passages in English prose which you had innocently supposed to be models of high and unimpeachable respectability. There was Sir Thomas Browne, for example, with his famous mortuary meditation: ". . . and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relicks?" And Newman: ". . . . then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression and the channel of its speculations and emotions." Or, thinking of your contemporaries, you remembered this passage out of Yeats: "Some believed that he found his eternal abode among the demons, and some that he dwelt henceforth with the dark and dreadful goddesses, who sit all night among the pools in the forest watching the constellations rising and setting in those desolate mirrors." Sir Thomas

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Browne, Newman, Yeats—against H. W. and F. G. Fowler, authors of *The King's English:* which were right? You could not, of course, be sure; but you recklessly cast your vote with the majority, and gave over reading H. W. and F. G. Fowler.

But perhaps, you thought, there were more trustworthy counsellors; and it may be that you chose as your next preceptor Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, and his *English Composition.* But here were difficulty and doubt of a new kind. If our teachers persist in exhibiting themselves as among the worst of their Awful Warnings, we are likely to remember what Mark Twain said about the diminishing attractiveness of performing dancers who have lost their legs: that "these parties cease to draw." And that, alas, you must have felt to be applicable to Professor Wendell and his more discerning readers, when you found in his treatise such writing of his own as this: "Perhaps the cleverest variation of all is that by which such treason to a friend as makes Proteus odious is made, simply by attributing it to Helena, a woman, a very venial matter." Now it is certainly one of the loveliest of truths that a woman is indeed "a very venial matter"; but who could be sure that this is what Professor Wendell meant to tell us? So, concluding regretfully that the youngest of Harvard freshmen might have edited *English Composition* to its advantage, you sorrowfully renounced it.

Had it been possible, you would have found a safe harbor in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. But alas, in those days, *On the Art of Writing* was still a thing of the far future. We continue to be born too soon. But here and now, for those students and enamored practitioners of their language who have not yet found out that none of us writes as he would: that none of us ever will—for such undismayed adventurers in the great art of English prose, there could scarcely be a happier and more profitable event than an encounter with Sir Arthur's book (which treats not only of the art of prose, but of the art of verse as well). Here is no mere assemblage of academic platitudes and half-truths, no futile primer of the obvious; here is no pretentious and slovenly analogue of that astonishing product of American culture to which we have referred. Here is a book, intended for students (it is, in fact, a compilation of college lectures), which rebukes and heartens you by its vision, its ripeness, its large tolerance,

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its pervasive charm, its impeccable taste. It is written out of an exquisite and vivid consciousness of all that is soundest, noblest, and most excellent in literary art. Conceived and conducted by one who is himself a fastidious artist in the medium which he discusses, these expositions give you at every turn the point of view of the initiate—the man who has admirably done the trick himself. That is their distinction.

Sir Arthur's gallantry and independence are to be saluted. Suppose, for example, that you have been told by your mentors in rhetoric and composition that you must not use words that are foreign to the vocabulary of traveling-salesmen, débutantes, and captains of industry. Go to! says Sir Arthur, in effect: if you contrive to send your reader to the dictionary, hopefully assume that he will some day be grateful to you for expanding his capacity for expression, and that he will cease to exact of you that you take his ignorance as your standard. Indeed, Sir Arthur encourages you by his own example, boldly bringing into action such dreadnoughts of low visibility as *palmary, pullulate, discinct, culmen, and suppediate*—each and all of which we beg to recommend as desirable adjuncts to the most airtight of vocabularies.

We have no intention of proffering in tabloid form Sir Arthur's advice as to the composition of good English. We shall content ourselves with warning you that, slyly concealed among his precepts, is what the statesmen of Capitol Hill know as a "joker"; for, after telling you that writing, to be good, must be "appropriate," "perspicuous," and "accurate," and after showing you how you may develop these meritorious traits, he adds, with disarming candor, that your writing must also be "persuasive." When you ask how, if he pleases, you are to succeed in being "persuasive," what does he answer? Why, that persuasiveness "cannot be achieved without a sense of beauty"! But if, persisting, you desire to know how you may acquire this excellent and indispensable "sense of beauty,"—assuming that you do not already possess it,—we fear you will have to look elsewhere for your answer than in Sir Arthur's treatise *On the Art of Writing*.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

WITH AMERICANS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS. By J. J. Jusserand, Ambassador of France to the United States. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

The title of M. Jusserand's book, in connection with the name of the author, is sufficient to arouse in American readers a warmer interest than is usually accorded to a collection of historical sketches and occasional addresses. The work itself, however, far surpasses such expectations as might arise merely from friendly feeling or from a natural curiosity to know what a distinguished Frenchman has to say about the relations of France with America. M. Jusserand has gathered in this volume "a few studies on some of the men or events of most interest from the point of view of Franco-American relations"—to which he has added three addresses, "just as they were delivered." The studies are severally entitled "Rochambeau and the French in America," "Major L'Enfant and the Federal City," "Washington and the French," and "Abraham Lincoln." The addresses, which occupy a relatively small space in the volume, comprise the speeches made by the American Secretary of State and the French Ambassador on the occasion of the presentation of the Franklin Medal by the United States to France, a commemorative address upon Horace Howard Furness, delivered in the name of the American Philosophical Society, and an address entitled "From War to Peace," delivered before the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. Obviously these themes possess intrinsic interest, and as treated by a writer so sincere and so accomplished as M. Jusserand, they would naturally lend themselves to a highly acceptable expression of international good will. But there is so much more in these essays and addresses than historical learning, or amenity, or eloquence, that it is difficult to convey a just impression of the really great quality of the whole book without belying its modest scale and aim and the exquisitely simple style in which it is written.

In composing the historic pieces, M. Jusserand has made extensive and discriminating use of original documents: the discourse on "Rochambeau and the French in America" is based, indeed, upon a study of documents as yet unpublished—notes, letters, journals,

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sketches, " which have come down to us in large quantities and from all manner of men." There are journals and memoirs of army chiefs like Rochambeau or chiefs of staff like Chastellux, narratives of a regimental chaplain, like Abbé Robin, of " a sceptical rake like the Duke de Lauzun, the new Don Juan, whose battle stories alternate with his love reminiscences," journals of officers of various ranks, like Count de Deux-Ponts, Prince de Broglie; Count de Ségur, son of the marshal; Mathieu-Dumas, future Minister of War to the future King of Naples, Joseph Bonaparte; the Swedish Count Axel de Fersen, one of Rochambeau's aides, who was to organize the French royal family's flight to Varennes; among many others, too, the journal of " a modest quartermaster like Blanchard, who gives a note quite apart, observes what others do not observe, and whose tone, as that of a subordinate, is in contrast with the superb ways of the ' seigneurs ' his companions." Through his entire familiarity with these abundant and little known records, M. Jusserand has been able to give to his narrative an effect of reality and immediacy that is as remarkable as its unaffected charm. For the reader the time-gap disappears and 1781 becomes as exciting a year as is 1916.

But there is in these historic pieces a convincing quality deeper and subtler than anything that could result merely from the deft and judicious use of colorful materials. The author is not merely a historian: he is what very few historians are—a thorough humanist. In a lesser way this quality manifests itself, most persuasively, in the delightful intimations of character which are strewn through the narrative, or rather imbedded in it, so that they form integral parts of it. It is not merely that one comes upon pleasant revelations as to Washington's very English pronunciation of French or Lafayette's quaint use of English: it is that the personalities of the chivalrous veterans and ingenuous young soldiers who figure in the story become endeared to one through many little touches of nature. The men of 1781 are brought near to the reader, and they captivate him with their spirit. M. Jusserand writes as one would talk to friends about friends still living—so little is there of academic stiffness in his style. And he makes one feel that those of whom he writes are men and brothers.

A broader humanity is evinced throughout the whole book—a humanity that includes patriotism, love of liberty, love of the ideal. It is this which enables the author not only to give us a new appreciation of Washington as a man, but to reveal him, in a clearer light than we usually see by, as a world figure. It is this that enables him to interpret so acceptably, with many side-lights from French opinion, the character of Abraham Lincoln. Very characteristic of the tone of the whole book is the clear demonstration, in the first essay, of the fact that French assistance to the American revolutionists was inspired not by hatred of England but by love of liberty. In brief, M. Jusserand brings Revolutionary times close to us by subtly em-

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phasizing the ties of common humanity and the persistence of ideal hopes. He makes us yearn a little, too, for those earlier times, with their *naïveté* and their idealism, when we think of what is going on in Europe in this year of terror.

Can it be that anything survives of that provincial prejudice against the French which Washington had to overcome before at last he could write in his private journal with full conviction these three words: "our generous allies"? Is there a trace remaining in America of that view, originally expressed in the *Spectator*, which represented Frenchmen as "mere ludicrous puppets"? Hardly—after one hundred and fifty years, and in the light of the present war! But, more than most books could do, this volume of M. Jusserand will help to strengthen a respect that is already deep and sincere and a friendship that is already cordial. It will do this through its unobtrusive and quickening appeal to sentiments of amity that are founded in common ideals.

NATIONALITY IN MODERN HISTORY. By J. Holland Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Whoever has striven to learn the ultimate causes of the European conflict, feeling, as so many of us do, the necessity of rationalizing in some way an event that seems appallingly irrational and chaotic, will have found it hard to get much beyond the simple word "nationality." Not in the necessary operation of economic laws, nor in the decree of a militaristic Fate, nor in a sudden fit of insanity on the part of a single nation or group of men, does the true explanation lie. The war resolves itself into a question of "national aspirations," with which is associated the question of the moral responsibility of the State. But what does "nationality" mean? And is it in itself a force for good or for evil? These questions haunt us as we read books about war and diplomacy, so plentiful nowadays. What the average thoughtful reader needs is just such a study of nationality in the light of history as Professor Rose has given us in his recently published book—a little volume which deals satisfactorily with abstractions and affords a real historic perspective within the brief space of two hundred pages. One could hardly choose a better guide than Professor Rose—a historian less doctrinaire, or truer to the facts, or more capable of seeing things in their wholeness.

By showing how nationality grew up and what it has accomplished in the world, Professor Rose gives us a really profitable conception of what it is. In the ancient world there was no really national State, although there were city-states and empires. The Europe of the Roman Empire was split up into tribal areas by barbarian invasions. The attempt of the rulers of the Holy Roman Empire to achieve unity failed, and "civilization was lost in a medley of little domains." By slow degrees these sorted themselves out, un-

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til by the year 1600 the outlines of large States were clearly defined. In obedience to a powerful force these larger groups solidified and became the great organic States of the modern world. This force is nationality. Briefly, but with satisfying development of the essential thoughts, the author traces the rise of national feeling and of the national idea—not as yet clearly conceived: he points out the part played by wars against a common foe in strengthening the sentiment of unity, and shows how nationality found expression in certain personalities, through literature or otherwise, as in Dante, in Chaucer and Wycliffe, in Jeanne d'Arc. In France the later development of nationality, as Professor Rose makes plain, was prepared for by the achievement of union under absolute monarchy. Then came the struggle for liberty and with it the sense of nationality. Not only the new conception of liberty but the new idea of the nation, the author instructively points out, is to be found in Rousseau. Nationality conferred new energy upon France; but the Revolutionary impulse erred by excess and paved the way for Bonapartism. In Germany, curiously enough, we find in the pre-national period a development of international or cosmpolitan ideals, as illustrated in the thought of Kant. But these ideals were connected with a condition of political weakness and inefficiency. It was only under the influence of political forces making for union, of new philosophical and literary teachings, such as are found in the writings of Schiller and in the later doctrines of Fichte, of the national education that was carried on in the new universities, that the energy of the German people was really released.

Up to this point, nationality is seen to be in no small degree an affair of thought—an education of the national consciousness. This, however, is not always nor necessarily true. In contrast with the cases of Germany and of France, is set that of Spain—a very different phenomenon. The Spanish national rising of 1808 was, indeed, a genuine expression of nationality; it led the more phlegmatic peoples of the North into the crusade that finally overthrew the might of Napoleon. But it was an expression of nationality in a relatively crude form. The impulse that led to national resistance was simply that of outraged pride and dignity, unconnected with the deeper convictions of the mind. "An explosion of terrific force took place, but thereafter everything tended to settle down in nearly the same condition as before."

Plainly, intellectual leadership is necessary for the healthful development of nationality. In Italy such leadership was found. It is in the words of Mazzini that we find the most explicit and acceptable declaration of the creed of nationality: "The map of Europe will be remade. The countries of the peoples will arise, defined by the voice of the free, upon the ruins of the countries of kings and privileged castes. Between these countries there will be harmony and brotherhood. . . . Then each of you . . . may hope by your per-

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sonal efforts to benefit the whole of Humanity." In this utterance of Mazzini's the force of nationalism seems to blend with the ideal of internationalism. This utterance, indeed, may be regarded as the high water mark of the enlightened spirit of nationality.

By comparison, the modern German form of nationalism seems crude and depraved, while the Slavs have not yet reached a degree of national development capable of carrying the ideal still further or of applying it more effectively. The study of Slavic efforts, indeed, adds nothing to our conception of nationality except that these struggles, in their very incompleteness and their comparative failure, confirm those conclusions which are reached by examining the history of other peoples.

What, then, is nationality? The author has indicated his leading conception by a quotation from Renan which he has prefixed to his volume: "*Avoir fait de grandes choses ensemble, vouloir en faire encore, viola la condition essentielle pour être un peuple.*" Nationality, it would seem is an affair of the will. Decidedly it is not primarily a matter of race or of language or of geography: still less is it due to periodic visitings of the world spirit—the fatal doctrine of Hegel. Abstract definitions can hardly prove fruitful, but certain practical conclusions at which the author arrives are in a high degree productive of enlightenment. Obviously, nationality is a mighty power, by no means to be ignored, nor to be deprecated in the interests of a lifeless cosmopolitanism. It has "endowed the European peoples with a vitality and force which resembles, say, the incoming of steam power into industry." In its highest form it is "a spiritual conception, inconquerable, indestructible." The instinct of nationality, to be sure, is capable of abuse, and the present European war is in a sense its *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet this instinct is amenable to guidance, and when properly guided may be a force for good of incalculable potency. Between nationalism and internationalism there is no necessary conflict; the former may support and blend with the latter. "After the attainment of civic freedom and national solidarity, the national instinct, which strengthens with opposition and weakens after due satisfaction, ought to merge in the wider and nobler sentiment of human brotherhood, in the attainment of which it is only a preparatory phase." There is hope, then, of a definite improvement in man's estate after the close of the present war, if only in the final settlement nationality is recognized as the unexhausted and truly evolutionary force that it really is.

THE DIPLOMATIC BACKGROUND OF THE WAR. By Charles Seymour, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1916.

The increasing number of books about the war makes careful selection among them a necessary measure of self-protection for the reader. In particular has the writing of discussions about the diplo-

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matic antecedents of the conflict been overdone. Out of many articles and treatises on the subject has come much information, indeed, but little real enlightenment. The fact is that the time for writing more or less superficial or opinioned accounts of national policies and characteristics, more or less impassioned denunciations of national characters and traits, more or less journalistic traceries of diplomatic intrigues or estimates of public men, has pretty well passed. There is good hope that the second crop of war books may prove far better than the first. It is surprising, however, that at the present stage of events a book so sound and historically so mature as Professor Seymour's *The Diplomatic Background of the War*, could be produced. The reader who has learned to shrink at the sight of the word "diplomacy" upon a title page may be reassured with respect to this volume. What Professor Seymour has written is not a history of recent diplomacy—from which conclusions of value might or might not be deducible—but an account of diplomacy in modern history.

The European War was preceded by a diplomatic struggle scarcely less bitter than the war itself. Back of this conflict lies a formative period in which the main interests—the real and not the imaginary interests—of the Powers, are gradually defined, and the influences that have divided Europe into two hostile groups of nations may be seen interacting. To obtain a clear view in outline of the whole period from 1870 to 1914, is to gain an insight that would be sought in vain through a more partial study, however thorough. This clear general view, supplemented by adequate details, Professor Seymour most acceptably supplies. As treated by him the story of European international relations during the last forty-five years proves to be unexpectedly coherent, relatively simple. The main features stand out plainly. Bismarck's foreign policy and the formation of the Triple Alliance, with, eventually, the Dual Alliance between France and Russia as a weak offset; the leading motives of German and English foreign policy; the "diplomatic revolution" which led to the formation of the Triple Entente and to the conflict of alliances; the developments of the Near Eastern Question, which resulted in the Balkan wars and ultimately precipitated the crisis—in dealing with all these topics, Professor Seymour makes essential truths appear, and he manages with uncommon success to avoid the fault of amplifying either too much or too little.

Manifestly a historic study that is essentially so clear and so well proportioned as this of Professor Seymour's should lead the reader into cool and sane ways of thinking. Such is the case. The account of international struggles which is given in this book "holds together" so well, is so intelligible and so reasonable, that it seems to exclude prejudice or bitter feeling. And there is also in the author's remarks a quality of tolerance and good sense that deserves to be especially noticed.

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THE EUROPEAN ANARCHY. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

After nearly two years of painfully confused thought in regard to the causes of the war and of bitter controversy about the motives of the nations engaged in it, the idea that is beginning to be uppermost in the minds of many thoughtful persons is simply this: that not the insatiable greed nor the hypocritical selfishness of any one nation is responsible for the disaster, but the whole European system—the medieval conception of international relations which still prevails. We are still living, if not in the dark ages, in the age of Machiavelli—an age dominated by belief in necessary state selfishness and characterized by a self-perpetuating mutual suspicion between the nations of Europe. This idea is beginning to detach itself from the partial notions that have formed, so to speak, its matrix—from Utopian schemes of universal peace, from denials of the principle of nationality, from denunciations of secret diplomacy, from demonstrations of the economic interdependence of all nations.

The old order needs changing; for under it even the best and most chivalrous of nations can be but a knight-errant in a world of violence. It cannot, indeed, change all at once. But one may rationally hope that the conclusion of the present war may bring its passing appreciably nearer. According to what seems the soundest view, the first step would be the formation of a league of nations for the enforcement of international law and order, with a reservation of force for the coercion of the law-breakers. "Let the law-breaker be defined," writes Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson in his recently published book, *The European Anarchy*, "as the one who appeals to force instead of appealing to law and right by machinery duly provided for that purpose, and the aggressor is immediately under the ban of the civilized world, and met by an overwhelming force to coerce him into order." And, indeed, would Germany have entered upon the present world-conflict, for the beginning of which so many hold her responsible, if she had had any solid ground for faith in international justice, or even if she had known in advance the tremendous power that would be brought against her?

In order to effect the desired change, not merely new machinery is needed but a new point of view, a reform in the general way of thinking about international questions. When a patriotic Englishman can write with the moderation, and also with the freedom from visionary idealism, which is manifested in this book of Mr. Dickinson's, it seems that the change is nearer the possibility of realization than might be supposed. "I do not palliate the responsibility of Germany for the outbreak of the war," declares the author, "but that responsibility is imbedded in and conditioned by a responsibility deeper and more general—the responsibility of all the Powers alike for the European anarchy." The same spirit

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of fairness is expressed in what Mr. Dickinson writes of the Kaiser: "According to Baron Beyens, on hearing the news of the murder of the Archduke the Kaiser changed color, and exclaimed: 'All the effort of my life for twenty-five years must be begun over again!' A tragic cry which indicates what I personally believe to be the case, that it has been the constant effort of the Kaiser to keep the peace in Europe, and that he foresaw now that he would no longer be able to resist war."

That view of European affairs which seems destined to prevail when passions have subsided and truth separates itself from doctrine, is expressed by Mr. Dickinson with a philosophic clearness, an intensity, and a restraint that should make his book a real force.

PRESENT-DAY CHINA. By Gardner L. Harding. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

Mr. Harding's little book stands quite apart from much that has been written about China in that it is neither a conventional study of events nor merely a series of more or less vivid impressions of Chinese life and character. In order to understand the awakened China of today, it is necessary first to know something of the people—not in generalities, but in specific human terms—and then to understand what the spirit of nationality is, and what its power may be not merely among the inhabitants of America and Europe but among the remoter dwellers in Asia. Mr. Harding possesses both kinds of comprehension. As one who has lived long in China and who has studied to attain a genuine understanding of the Chinese people, he has gathered plenty of significant observations. Through his grasp of the Chinese situation as a whole—and more particularly through his sympathetic understanding of the national spirit—he is able to interpret his observations convincingly.

The reader of Mr. Harding's book will be likely to revise the view, if he has entertained it, that the Chinese are foredoomed to vegetate for an indefinite period under an absolute and unprogressive monarchy. "The Chinese worship of monarchical institutions, for all the centuries, . . . is largely an illusion for foreign consumption. The Chinese have not even had a nobility, and their local government, which has been until recently the only government the people have felt, has been essentially democratic, even communistic in character." The awakening of the people, though slow and partial, has been real. Then, too, there have been concrete signs of national progress. The peril of bankruptcy, for example, has passed, and the "game of paying off old debts with new loans is almost over." The reader cannot but respond to the author's well-supported and not too sanguine conviction that the potentiality of China as a nation is immense. The significance of this hopeful view is seen when it is

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pointed out, in a manner that leaves little room for doubt, that the upbuilding of China is vital to the peace of the world.

This interesting discourse of Mr. Harding's, readable as narrative, entertaining in its incidental pictures of life and in the glimpses it gives of notable persons, puts vitality into one's conception of China, and it clearly embodies a definite and ethical idea of world-policy.

My Home in the Field of Honor. By Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1916.

If the vivid account which Mme. Huard has written of her experiences in the battlefield of northern France during the great retreat were pure fiction, one would nevertheless read it with intense interest. All the fictional elements are here: plot, in the broader sense; suspense, character, depth of feeling, and, of course, a scene and a series of incidents that the imagination could hardly create. The author tells in the simplest and most concrete terms of how the news of approaching war was received in Paris, of the matter-of-fact way in which men responded to the call to arms, of how her home—the chateau of Villiers, sixty miles northwest of Paris—was transformed from the scene of a pleasant house-party into an improvised military hospital. In short, she gives an extraordinarily clear realization of just how the outbreak of the war affected the everyday life, the thought and feeling, of sensitive, highly civilized men and women: she makes us understand how great was the change and yet how far it was from being cataclysmic. Then she tells us of the streams of refugees, coming from villages ever nearer her own home, and then of her own hurried and eventful flight southward before the Germany army. Finally she gives us a no less graphic account of her return over the battlefield to her home, now wrecked and defiled. The author has made use of an uncommon literary gift to write a story of actual experiences that brings before us the fearfulness of war without any effect of melodrama or superfluity of horror, and that expresses real emotion with sincerity and with artistic restraint. When one remembers that the narrative is not fiction, but simple truth, one gasps. The effort to realize what has taken place in Europe is difficult and painful, but it is good for one's soul. In this story of Mme. Huard's, so vigorously and so acceptably told, there is much actuality, much humanity, much of the real French spirit.

Poems of War and Peace. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1916.

The poems of Robert Underwood Johnson are eloquent and vigorous expressions of thoughts upon subjects that have in almost

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every instance a strong and general human appeal and in most cases a concrete bigness. The poems are in the major and not in the minor key. What Mr. Johnson has to say in verse about such subjects as "Embattled France," "The Peace Palace at the Hague," or "Shakespeare" or "Rheims" or "The President" is well worth saying, and it is often said with surprising felicity. This poetry makes a direct and honest appeal to the mind and heart —not to the nerves—and aims at spiritual things through plain thoughts. Correspondingly, the ring of the verse is Elizabethan or traditionally American rather than ultra-modern. The varied but not too ingenious use of rhyme, the straightforward but not monotonous melody of the lines, are restful. Even in the poems on slighter and more personal themes there is much more than mere anxious analysis of mood or highly decorative expression of sentiment. On the whole, the intellectual and metrical soundness of these poems makes them welcome to all lovers of sincere poetic art.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NEW SIDE OF WAR

SIR,—In the June number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there appeared an interesting article on "The Bright Side of War." The writer presents her original claim in the opening lines, saying:

> In these days of widespread anxiety concerning moral issues, we are not likely to undervalue the crimes and horrors of the present war; but we seem to have fallen into the mistake of underestimating the pleasant side of it.

The argument which follows contains many truths, which all fair readers may easily admit, but the conclusions are invariably based upon an hypothesis which is stated in the words of Nelson at Copenhagen: "But mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

If this state of exultation filled the breasts of all soldiers in our modern wars, there would be no answer to Mrs. Portor's claim; indeed, unanimous agreement would be only just when she asserts:

> By this (the bright side of war) I mean frankly the actual happiness that comes with war to the legions of soldiers themselves, in such measure as I believe is but rarely or never meted out to men in times of peace.

Is it possible today for careful, thinking, knowing folk to consent to this certainly startling plea? If this much is admitted, civilization, as it has developed for many significant centuries, must be written down as based upon a mistaken foundation. But is it true, *today*, that war offers to men the sort of "happiness" that cannot be found through peace? An examination of the historic records does not seem to sanction the claim. In ancient Greece it was quite possible for heroic souls to see their equally heroic gods and goddesses hovering in mid-air and aiding, with their supermundane powers, their favorites on either side. All of us can still feel the martial glow of fervor and fire as Hector and Achilles stride splendidly to mortal combat and personally exult and destroy; but much water has run under the bridges of time since Greece had her golden day and Rome ruled the world. The slow, steadfast work of the patient, purposeful centuries has built up new conceptions of war—and new conceptions of peace.

Mrs. Portor writes:

> We have not yet in this present conflict been touched upon the lips; but we are sentimentalists, taking in the conflict through the eye and ear, like those who, whether by circumstances or temperament or both, have rather looked on at life than been of it; or those who, never having willingly risked their lives, cannot endure the sight of others doing so; who would stop all happiness of heroism because they cannot bear to see blood. It is the sentimentality of the emotional play-goer and novel-reader; and few of us are free from the taint of it.

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Now in summing up the final values of war, as it unfolds before our eyes in these latter days, are we not compelled to think in terms of 1916 and not after the fashion of less complex times than ours? Must we not take into full account first the *new* side of war and then the *new* side of peace before we can justly decide that to oppose war, or to accentuate its terrors, is in any sense a proof of unworthy sentimentalism?

Let us look at the new side of war. What is it? Where, in the conflicts of the past few years, can we discover even a faint trace of the possibilities for personal exaltation which were easily attained in the oldtime battles, when men met men and "fought it out" in good, lusty, human fashion until the weaker was vanquished and the hero was crowned?

Modern warfare spells—munitions, first, last and always, munitions. On land the personal attacks are preceded by violent bombardments from the enemy—the enemy who is yards, or it may be, miles away! At sea, the dreadnoughts throw their tons of metal from the far-distant offing, and the greatest menace to the foe lurks with the torpedoes from the dark, the mines in hidden waves, or the bombs dropped from the open skies. There is not even a sign of the man-to-man struggle of the old heroic hours. Then again:

Where two or three are gathered together in the name of Honor, asking to be allowed to give their lives nobly, it is not unlikely that Life will grant their request.

None will deny this vital truth, but when two or three thousands are gathered together in the name of Destruction, and very few, if any, have a chance to die nobly, it is most likely that Death in its most horrid guise will take its grim toll. This is the thing which made as brave a man as General Sherman define war as he did over half a century ago; and this is the grave problem which today is facing the modern mind.

The old idea of war as wholesome combat has disappeared completely. We of the present hour are confronted with the dark visage of a new and grewsome monster whose jaws are big and strong enough to crunch out all semblance of our hard-won civilization.

It is Joy, after all, that is the greatest of all true teachers; for it is through human joys that humankind has worked its toilsome way out from the deeps of savagery and sorrow into the light of civilization and comfort. War is the last link with savagery, and until war has gone out into the darkness with want and hunger and sickness unwatched and untended, we cannot fully claim that civilization is achieved.

This, then, is The New Idea of War. Life is more precious in 1916 than it has ever been before; Joy is more easily accessible; comfort is more speedily assured, and with living a daily opportunity for mental and spiritual expressions—when there is peace—it is an excusable thing to arraign the horrors of strife, since all strife is the kill-joy of progress.

But, even in the face of these conclusions, it may be frankly admitted that:

To the fit and the strong of spirit, there is a personal happiness to be found in worthy conflict as nowhere else. In biography, in history, this "happiness" stands out indisputable.

But it still remains to ask, "Is the present conflict worthy?" This is the crucial test. As careful an authority as Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson tells us gravely today these thought-compelling things:

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But, while power may be sought for its own sake, it is commonly sought by modern States as a means to wealth. It is the pursuit of markets and concessions and outlets for capital that lies behind the colonial policy that leads to wars.

States compete for the right to exploit the weak, and in this competition, Governments are prompted or controlled by financial interests. . . The Powers combine for a moment to suppress the common victim, the next thing they are at one another's throat *over the spoil.*" (The italics are mine.)

Where is "the bright side" to this kind of war—in the twentieth century?

To claim then that there is still a bright side to war is just, perhaps; it is also perhaps true—but only as it is true that Mrs. Browning and Robert Louis Stevenson were brave and virile spirits in spite of their ailing flesh. When Columbus came to America he found here the Indian "braves" whose boast was proudly kept, that none could see them flinch even when horrid torture did its worst upon their quivering flesh. Of such high elements is our human stuff composed—and there are none to deny its heroism—but "prevention" is the last word in all modern methods; cure is now only the secondary expedient in disease. Thus war, with all its long list of "glories," with all its brilliant pageantries, and all its brave heroics, is the potential mother of misery, and, if indeed it still must live, let us solemnly face its terrors, but let us admit their truth. Let us soberly take up arms and suffer and bleed and die, if needs must be, but let us not—in the name of humankind—minimize for one moment the thing that all modern warfare must of necessity mean.

ELIZABETH CARPENTER.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

THE CONSTITUTION VERSUS TARIFF COMMISSIONS

SIR,—There are three real obstacles intervening between the present status and the establishment of an effective tariff commission in the United States. They may be indicated as follows:

1. Article 1, Section VII, of the Constitution of the United States, first paragraph, says: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with the amendments as on other bills."

2. Article 1, Section V, of the Constitution of the United States, second paragraph, says: "Each house may determine the rule of its proceedings," etc.

3. The fact that under the power granted by the people in the last quoted portion of the Constitution, the Senate and the House have appointed committees which, under their rules, have exclusive jurisdiction of the tariff and all collateral matters.

No two points are better settled than that the House of Representatives has jurisdiction, in the first instance, of all revenue bills, and that both Houses have full power, direct from the people, to settle the rules of their proceedings.

It would be useless to go into the long history of the struggle between the committees in the House of Representatives and the various attempts made by strong men in the membership of the two houses to enlarge or narrow the jurisdiction of committees. The Committee on Ways and Means

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is one of the oldest in the House, and the Senate Finance Committee likewise is of great antiquity—as antiquity is measured in America. Neither exercises now the power that it once did, relatively speaking, as the growth of House and Senate business has led at times to subdivision of the committee work, in which process important functions have been set aside from the Committee on Ways and Means and the Finance Committee and given over to other committees. But they still remain in control of all revenue legislation.

The House and the Senate might give to any other committees jurisdiction of revenue legislation, but neither the House nor the Senate can get rid of that portion of the Constitution giving the House original jurisdiction of revenue matters. Only the people, through the Legislature, can do that, and until and unless it is done, we can not have in this country an effective tariff commission, apart from politics.

We have now two tariff commissions, operating under the law and the Constitution, with ample machinery, for gathering facts at home and abroad, and with ample power to spend any amount of money necessary to make investigations. They are in politics, of necessity, because their members are politicians. Whether they have wrought well or ill depends upon how the observer is affiliated politically. One observer will affirm that the Dingley, McKinley and Payne-Aldrich tariffs were perfection itself. Another will hold for the Wilson or the Underwood-Simmons tariff. All those tariffs were the products of the investigations and the recommendations of the two Constitutional and legal tariff commissions which we now have. Those two tariff commissions are: 1. The House Committee on Ways and Means. 2. The Senate Committee on Finance. Names do not matter. They are tariff commissions in fact.

Aside from the two legal and Constitutional tariff commissions now in being, we have what amounts to three others, or at least three agencies of Government so equipped and operated that they could be tariff commissions or are very willing to be made into such, if Congress will grant them money and delegate to them, or to any one of them, such powers as the Congress can delegate. They are: 1. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. This commission has power to gather, through the bureau named, every fact and figure necessary to the work of a tariff commission. 2. Various bureaus of the Department of State having jurisdiction of diplomatic and consular correspondence, other than on administrative affairs. These bureaus could gather the information needed as to foreign trade conditions and applicable to the investigation of the tariff. 3. The newly constituted Federal Trade Commission, the duties of which overlap those of the Department of Labor and Commerce at many points.

None of the three agencies mentioned could do more than gather information and make recommendations based thereon to the Congress, for its guidance in regard to tariff matters. And no tariff commission that can be created by the Congress and approved by the President, can do any more than that, because the Constitution imposes upon the House of Representatives the duty, which none of its members can escape without being open to impeachment, of retaining original jurisdiction of tariff matters.

Personally, I should be very much pleased if there could be established a tariff commission of high minded patriots, who would devise and put into effect a tariff act based upon scientific lines, without fear or favor, and con-

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ceived with the idea of securing enough revenue to pay the expenses of Government economically administered, and in such a fashion as to assure a reasonable share of prosperity to the country and not duplicate the work, duties, and expense of the two Congressional committees and three other agencies named. It must be apparent, however, that the distinguished and wise gentlemen who are working so hard to attain to such a consummation are walking all around the curbing of the well at the bottom of which the truth is reposing. That well is the Constitution of the United States. Until and unless it is amended, I repeat, no effective tariff commission can be established in the United States, apart from politics. Perhaps not then.

N. B.—If every citizen would carry in his pocket a copy of the Constitution, consult it freely and memorize its important paragraphs, he would be able to confound many men who are wise in appearance, because no one has the disposition to quote article, section and paragraph of that great state paper with which all our laws must square and by which all of our activities must be governed.

GEORGE GILBERT.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE MUSICAL "FUTURISTS"

SIR,—Mr. Gilman's ascription of "ribaldry" to the pseudo-art of the musical fakirs—Ornstein, Stravinsky, *et al.*, in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is wholly undeserving, and would be thought very flattering indeed by the perpetrators themselves and their equally guilty accomplices. Can one in very truth, in all these impotent strivings and feeble half-attempts at articulate expression, discern anything of meaning at all? For my part I fail to see in nine-tenths of all this musical rubbish that is put forth to-day and foisted upon us, aught that is worthy of receiving even passing mention or notice by the reviewer of musical events. With an honorable exception here and there, it is all hollow, empty pretense and sham—inconsequential to the last degree and utterly beneath contempt.

Messrs. Ornstein, Stravinsky, etc., to whom Mr. Gilman so scathingly refers, are hardly to be taken as seriously as all that. He is crediting them with really too much marked achievement—positive accomplishment—in charging them, as he does, with desecrating the Temple of Music. Their musical scrawlings are of too infantile an order to do more serious damage and harm to the edifice up to the present time than merely deface its exterior: these are disfiguring marks that there will be no serious difficulty in effacing by a generous application of soap and water.

MORRIS WALDMAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

[Mr. Waldman takes us too seriously. Our remark about the "ribaldries" of Messrs. Ornstein and Stravinsky was "writ sarcastic" (a dangerous practice) and was intended to voice the horror of the aesthetic Bourbons at the proceedings of these musical rebels, rather than to express our own more tolerant and enlightened views. For though the doings of the musical Futurists are far from engendering in us a joy too great to be borne, we should not dream of seriously charging these gentlemen with defacing the august walls of the Temple of Music. It is a vast and hospitable temple, and what seem to one generation to be mere

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gamineries scrawled upon its walls, may prove to be of precious significance and beauty to a generation yet unborn. Nor are Mr. Ornstein and Mr. Stravinsky lightly to be damned together. They are alike only in their disrespect for aesthetic traditions; in the character of their musical speech they are incomparable.—L. G.]

COMPETITORS IN AMERICANISM

SIR,—In a recent REVIEW, Mr. James P. McGee goes out of his way to attack Americans of British birth as a danger to the country because they are slow to become naturalized. So far as I have observed and read, the great danger to the country arises not from those citizens who are most deliberate in transferring their allegiance, but from those who are in such a hurry to get their snouts in the public trough that they rush to be naturalized the day after they land.

Mr. McGee tells us that he has five children who were born in this country. It is quite certain that they are classed and class themselves as Irish-Americans, and this will be so for we don't know how many generations to come. I have seven children and they are just as American as the *Mayflower* descendants. There is the difference between some immigrants and others. I am content to leave the question of their relative danger to be settled by Americans.

IWAS YORKSHIRE.

BOSTON, MASS.

[We disagree with our slightly choleric friend. As to the question of "relative danger" between American residents of foreign birth who are slow in becoming naturalized, and those who are prompt in so doing, we think the latter are decidedy less "dangerous." If you intend to become an American citizen, why delay?—EDITOR.]

THE GERMAN THREAT AGAINST EGYPT

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW you publish an article, "The Problem at Suez," which, I believe, omits to state the fundamental factor among the causes that might impel the Germans to turn their attention toward Egypt. The author, Mr. Charles Johnston, in his concluding paragraph says: "The Teutonic threat against Egypt involves an expedition . . . which, even if ideally successful, would be wholly futile for the real purpose Germany has in view: the breaking of the chain of steel which is throttling her to death." That the Germans would be enabled to break "the chain of steel" by the capture of the Suez Canal may be a possible reason which might induce them to make a second attack, but a far more powerful reason which is likely to enter into their calculations is the psychological effect an invasion of Egypt would have not only upon the natives, whose fickleness is proverbial, but also upon the European nations, which would be profoundly influenced by a successful campaign carried out under German auspices against the Suez Canal. The "chain of steel" might, to be sure, not be severed; but at least the fickle ties of affection for British rule would be stretched to the breaking point.

VERNAM HULL.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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"FRIGHTFULNESS AS CHRISTIANITY"

SIR,—I have read and reread with much interest Mr. Swift's article in a recent number of the REVIEW, "Frightfulness as Christianity." It has cleared up in my mind several perplexing questions *re* the constant appeal by the German people to God. I find it was a God of their own making. I believe this article is so important that it should be printed in all languages and distributed to all civilized peoples, lest civilization perish from off the earth.

LEONIDAS H. CRESS.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

SIR,—I want to thank you for the article entitled "Frightfulness as Christianity." I had the pleasure of pursuing post-graduate work in the University of Berlin and living at the hub of German thought. Hence I know from personal contact that Mr. Swift's point of view respecting German psychology and theology is absolutely correct. That essay is a masterpiece and is worth the price of the REVIEW. I only wish that it might be reprinted in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of every American citizen.

RICHARD R. BLEWS.

EVANSVILLE, WIS.

WHY GERMANY SHOULD NOT BE VICTORIOUS

SIR,—During the past year THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has had such liberal articles on the War that I am presuming to ask you, though I feel you are in sympathy with the Allies, to write a very few lines setting forth your reasons why it would be disastrous to civilization if Germany should be victorious. Repeatedly one hears the cry that such would be the outcome. Having known in an intimate way several English and German families it does not seem to the writer that all the Barnes Newcomes have been either exterminated or transported to Germany, nor that only Colonel Newcomes are left in England; and having read with considerable care Andrew D. White's Autobiography, it does not appear to me that city government, schools or universities would be placed in jeopardy if forced to come under Germany's control or influence.

L. EARLE.

CHICO, CALIFORNIA.

[To avoid repetition, we would suggest perusal of the article by Morrison I. Swift published in the April number of this REVIEW.—EDITOR.]

MR. KENNAN MISUNDERSTOOD

SIR,—In the closing paragraph of my letter on "The Psychology of Mr. Roosevelt," published in the REVIEW for May, I made a reference to a statement of Professor Ripley with regard to alleged "orders from Washington" received by "the Commission." I have just been informed by Mr. Ripley that the "Commission" he had in mind was the United States Industrial Commission of 1901. I supposed that he meant the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the reason that he referred in the same paragraph to testimony taken by the latter Commission in February, 1907. As the witness of whom he speaks seems to have been examined May 22, 1901, the

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orders to "apply the soft pedal" could not have been given by President Roosevelt, as he did not become President until September of that year. I was misled by Professor Ripley's use of the indefinite word "commission" in the same paragraph that referred to the testimony taken by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1907.

GEORGE KENNAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

PATRIOTISM ABOVE PARTY

SIR,—I have read with interest your articles in recent issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It seems to me this is a time for patriotism irrespective of party.

We want universal service, and I shall vote for that man who will get it for us irrespective of party. I also favor Dr. Humphreys's stand on military instruction.

I note your attitude on Secretary Daniels, and feel that if we fight hard we shall get what we want.

HENRY TORRANCE.

TENAFLY, N. J.

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